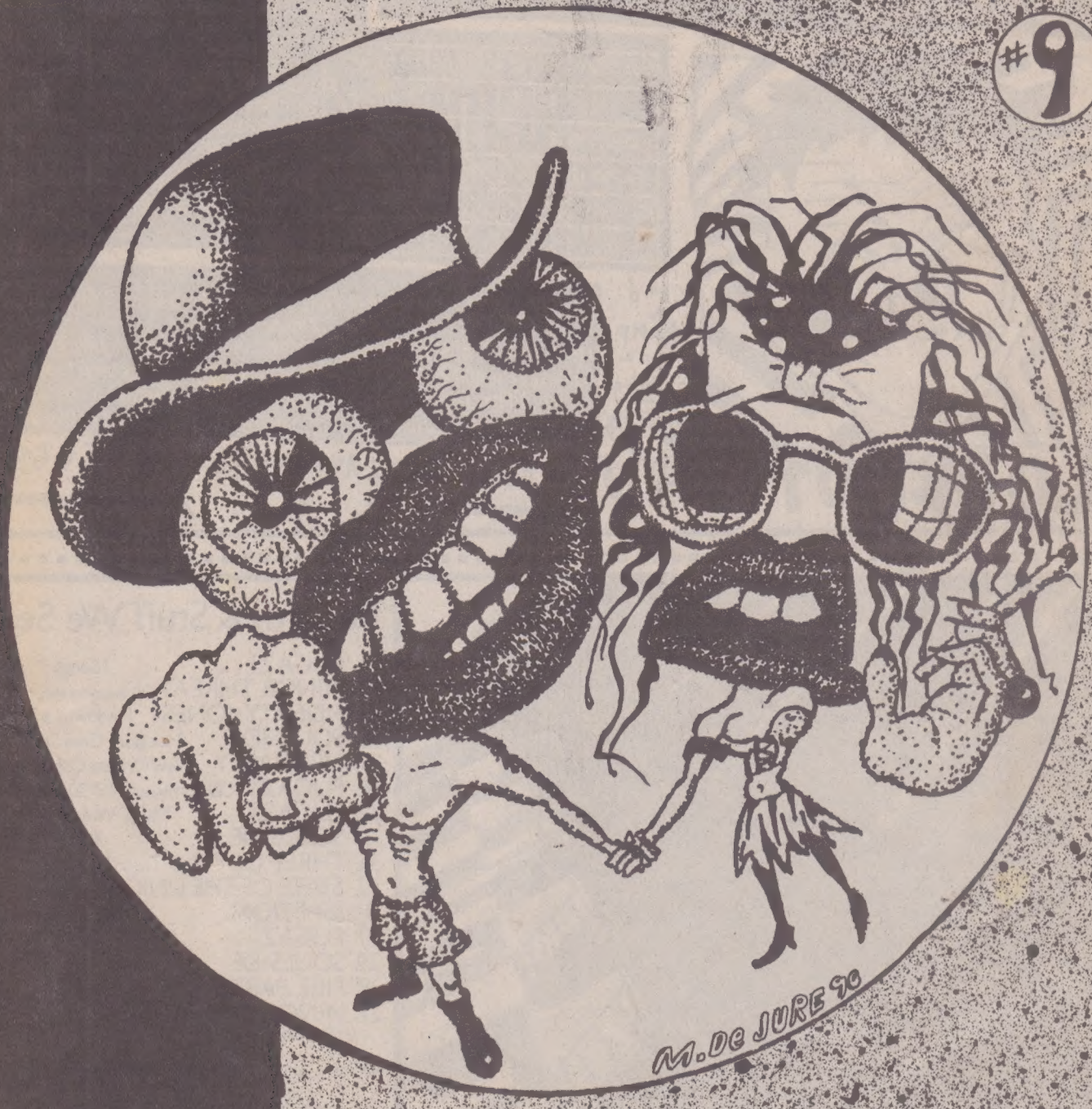
BCN IS DEAD

#9



OUT NOW

NEUROSIS *The Word As Law* LP/Cass

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MR. T EXPERIENCE 7"

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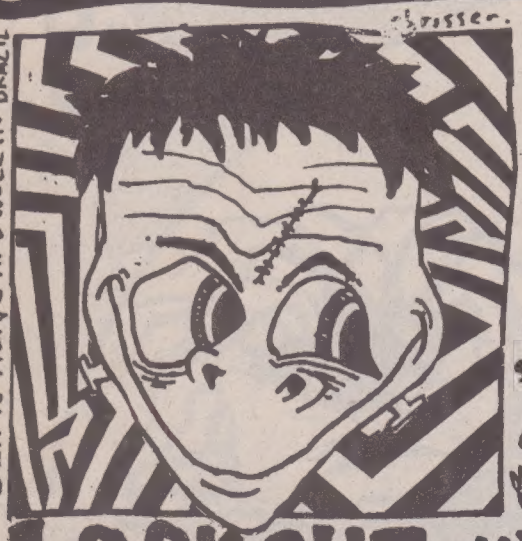
LOOKOUTS spy rock road LP, cass.
OPERATION IVY energy LP, cass.

LOOKOUTS one planet one people LP
THE THING THAT ATE FLOYD dbl comp LP
GREEN DAY 1,000 hours 7"
SURROGATE BRAINS surrogate serenades 7"
YEASTIE GIRLZ ovary action 7"
SEWER TROUT songs about drinking 7"



IN U.S. DOLLARS	7"	LP	floyd	Tshirt	zine
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CANADA, MEXICO, SEA	3	7	9	9	1
EUROPE, SA, AIR	5 / 3	10 / 8	13 / 11	10	2 / 1
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CRIMPSHRINE quit talkin' claude 7"
OPERATION IVY hectic 7"
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CRIMPSHRINE sleep, what's that? 7"
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CAMERA READY AD COPY IN: MAY 20
ISSUE OUT: JUNE 6

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INFORMATION

- **WE PRINT 13,500 COPIES...** THEY ARE FREE IN STORES AND CLUBS *INSIDE* CALIFORNIA.
- **ADS FOR ISSUE #10** WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED AFTER THE DEADLINE, MAY 20. IF YOU ARE A CLUB, PROMOTER, OR YOUR AD WILL COVER LAST MINUTE INFORMATION, YOU **CAN SAVE AD SPACE WITH A CHECK** AND GET THE AD TO US BY MAY 27 (THE LATEST).
- **CLUBS & PROMOTERS:** 85% OF ALL ISSUES PRINTED ARE DISTRIBUTED WITHIN THE FIRST 10 DAYS OF RELEASE.
- **MAKE ANY & MANY CHECKS OUT TO BEN IS DEAD.**

BEN'S SLOW & WHO COULD CARE LESS...

Yep, we're slow and have less wrinkles to prove it. Sorry to all who had withdrawal problems because we were a month late. Ben SHOULD come out every other month, occasionally I've got better things to do of course but we try to keep it on an APPROXIMATE schedule.

BEN INCREASES CIRCULATION...

We're now up to 13,500 copies. Most of the excess in circulation is going to distributors to be sold outside of California. We must sell them not only to pay for distribution but because currently we'd prefer not to raise our ad prices in order to finance this increase.

MOTHER HUBBARD SAT IN A CUPBOARD...

What does MOTHER mean to you? I mean the whole concept of MOTHER? Well, take some time to think about it. Our next issue's theme (of sorts) will be MOTHER. If you've got something to contribute you must send it in. DO NOT LIMIT YOURSLF. Remember mother is essential. MOTHER is everywhere, in everything, etc., etc... Send in your MOTHER stuff by or before April 20th.

VERY IMPORTANT ADVERTISING NEWS

Advertise with us – you'll live longer.

THE FLOWER OF MY EYE...

I found this little symbol in the Consumer's Dictionary of Food Additives. Isn't it cute – a little flower. Similar to the wicked stepmother's apple in Sleeping Beauty, this flower represents the opposite of what it usually symbolizes. In this case it represents foods that have been irradiated. Keep your eyes open, supposively they're going to be building irradiation plants all across the U.S., meaning you may see this symbol more often.

BEN STILL GOES BULK

Yes, we're continuing to send our subscriptions (and trades, etc.) through bulk mail. Sooo, if you get yours late, please give us a break. Bulk mail takes about two weeks, and we take about one week to get them into the mail after they're printed. Patience – someone told me – is something. Also, keep in mind that with bulk mail you must send exactly the same material to each person – meaning, no personalized letters. If you received a 'zine from us and you don't know why, it's probably because we either want something from you, or we want to give something to you... enjoy either way.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BEN...

Are $1.50 per issue (Canada add 75¢/Overseas add $1.00) ppd. A year's subscription (6 issues) is $10.00 and will include all newsletters. (To get newsletters separately, send an S.A.S.E. – they come out whenever). State which issue number you want to start with... Please wrap any money AND checks you send in. The post office workers are only poor human slaves for the government and can't help themselves when they tear open all of our mail that looks like it contains even close to printed greens. Don't tempt them to be dishonest!!!

BEN SAYS, "CONTRIBUTORS WELCOME."

If you want to add 'yours' to this 'zine we're open for input. Just call or send it in (3.5 disks are great). Occasionally we lose the mail and the phone messages are often deleted from the service before I've had time to copy them down. If this happens to you don't take it personally. In other cases we're just too busy. Keep trying & we will get back to you at some point. Thanks.

CHECK IT OUT...

"BEN" may be releasing some music in the near future. We may also be putting on some shows again as well. (WE'RE INTERESTED IN [sick & disturbed] OUT-OF-TOWN BANDS). Stay tuned.

EDIT-BORIAL

We're here... Two *or so* weeks later on this issue's release date than predicted in the last (#8). That extra time's our special time – where we use our wisdom and common sense to protect ourselves from the ever-dreaded, (ever-pending) burn-out syndrome. Commitments are great but they must leave room for unrestricted change, and we are happy to be flexible. You would get an even bigger piece of shit if keeping our deadline was our ultimate goal. (Though as far as our dearly beloved advertisers are concerned, we always notify you if we're late, especially if it's a dated ad [don't you worry, never fear...]).

About that douche thing. Though I've looked, I've yet to discover it's (the douche's) origin. However, I have seen some recipes for douches in (women's) health care books. Of course these have no perfumes or chemicals (if you wouldn't put it in your mouth, why would you want to stick it in any other hole), but they're made with herbs, vegetables (aloe vera), honey and shit like that. The drugs stores/companies make no dough off these since you can easily "do it yourself." Likewise they can't make any money off the drugs/doctors you may need to treat whatever damage occurs when using the chemical-filled manufactured type douches.

There's this really cool guy up North who puts out these little LP's to torture nerd record collectors and he gave me some pointers on how to deal with chain letters. Thought I'd pass them on to *Who ever the fuck keeps sending those pieces of massive boredom to my ever so jaded p.o. box!* It says, "Vinyl is dead. Punk is dead. Chain letters are not punk. Trash is. Your chain letter is in my trash." Of course he goes on to say that any bands who send him a tape will "automatically never appear" on his label – but that has nothing to do with this. Please everybody, save the 25¢ (nole postage will be raised pretty soon). Not to be rude but I couldn't really care less about chain letters. I have no time for these torture treated threats ("If you don't answer within 24 hours you and everyone you've ever loved will die a horrible and wicked death," etc.). I've never, in even the most boring periods of my life, been able to get the suckers to the mail box. It's hopeless. I guess I'm already doomed, so what I'm asking is for you (chain letter addicts) not to rub it in. Waste those trees and bad wishes (if you must) on someone else besides me. Thank you.

If there's one thing I hate it's being left out. On the other hand, if there's another thing I hate just as equally, it's being grouped in. So, 'tis the season (or it recently was) for magazines, televisions and the like (self-claimed critics) to give their obnoxious *but always well researched* "Best of's" for the new year past. (Isn't it fun). So, just so I don't feel left out, I'm going to list my best of's. Likewise, just so I can assure not being grouped with those gracing more stale ideas, my list is not a "best of" of the year past, but of the season (term, period, duration) past. My time will have no barriers. Tomorrow I may feel different. My season is whatever, whenever. *And*, my "best of's" are of nothing in particular.

BEST SOAP OF THE SEASON: CINNAMON OATMEAL (REVINA)
The only place I can find this soap is at Erewhon (a way over-priced {typical} health food store, on Beverly near Fairfax) and Nature's Pantry (on Venture Blvd. and Wilber (?) in Tarzana). The soap costs somewhere around $2. Well worth the price if you have sensitive skin *or* occasionally find people associating you with bad odors. The soap smells awesome (without 20 unknown artificial ingredients causing this) and may just be the inspiration one needs to want to shower.

BEST TOOTHPASTE OF THE SEASON: HOMEODENT
I bet you're thinkin' this is pretty cheesy eh? Too bad. Just like the soap, this stuff is intense, and makes you want to use it. It's all natural and won't interfere with homeopathic medicines (you can find it in homeopathic pharmacies), but don't let that stop you from trying it. The flavor is anise, or licorice for short (the black {real} licorice). There's no fluoride in it.., anyway, I never could understand why they put fluoride in toothpaste (it's listed as the "Active Ingredient" in most), when they tell you that it's bad for your bones when you drink tap water containing fluoride.

In my little dictionary of *Food Additives*, it says: "Fluorides cross the placental barrier and the effects on the fetus are unknown. Clinical evidence shows that kidney disturbance sometimes is due to the amount of fluoride it contributes to the blood. No longer permitted as a dietary supplement but may be in the water used in processing."

In the book *Immunization: The Reality Behind the Myth* (by Walene James) she says: "Many chemicals in our environment are known immune suppressors, e.g., lead and mercury, but the most widely used and abused is probably fluoride. Besides inhibiting or destroying enzymes, fluoride damages white blood cells and their chromosomes, and interferes with DNA function–all such processes weaken the immune system. In comparing four cities, Isabel Jansen (R.N.) found three times as many AIDS cases (per million population) in cities where the water was fluoridated as in those where it was not." "Earlier studies in the United States and Canada have shown Cancer death rates 4 to 40 percent higher in area where the water is fluoridated than in areas where it is not." The author also makes note of the symptoms of early fluoride poisoning: "Unexplained headaches, great thirst, nausea, vomiting, abdominal cramps, diarrhea, seizures that are not epileptic" and states that they "can occur even at the recommended concentration of one part per million for municipal drinking water." (From what I know, they do not fluoridate the water in Los Angeles though it is done in many cities).

I have also read that there is really only one period in a humans life (I believe it was for length of one year) when Fluoride is important for the teeth (bones?), and that's when we are young (something around 5-7 yrs old).

Also, even though toothpaste isn't a food, wouldn't some of the fluoride in it be absorbed through the tissues of the mouth. And you always swallow *some* toothpaste after brushing. Though I wonder how many *parts per million* we're consuming by not rinsing our mouths out well enough. (I even remember friends who would eat the shit – though I guess I shouldn't talk, as I remember quite well chowing down on tissues – yes, Kleenex [dioxin] – when I was an imaginative little brat). If so, wouldn't continual exposure – the recommended brushing "after every meal" – gradually build up the level of fluoride in our bodies? ...Onward.

BEST LIVE SHOW OF THE SEASON: RESIDENTS
During the whole performance (especially the Elvis impersonator part), I sat upright, scarcely uttering a sound nor altering my fixed visuals or mental attention, and perpetually ran such thoughts through my head like 'I can't believe this is happening – this isn't really happening – I'll never be able to remember how intense this is.' I wished I could have recorded this for future playback, but more like that Natalie Wood movie (I can't remember the name of it but they created that headpiece/device to record their thoughts and feelings and the whole bit, so in playback, someone else who's wearing it can feel exactly the same things as what was felt by the one who was recorded). Like a drug or something, I wanted to capture it and take it again later. It's a hard one to judge but for now, or at least as far as today's me can tell, this *was* the *best* performance I have experienced.

"It takes longer saying yes than saying no." –Eugene Chadborne

Welps-o-mania, I guess that's about all. I'm confident you're all going to leave this note with a bit more of something. Neither it be knowledge or stupidity, so be it. Till the next time you're so lucky.... *–Darby*

Leuzinger High students hold up peace symbols at a riot???

ON MONDAY, MARCH 5TH, there was what the media prefers to refer to as a riot in Hawthorne (LA). In contradiction, Bill Bridges, who was there, insists that the media and police overreacted to what was a basically peaceful demonstration.

The reason for the demonstration concerns some racial tensions/problems occuring at Leuzinger High – more exactly the removal of their black principle, who was trying to rid the school of racial harassment.

One of the reasons why Bill wanted to give me the information though was concerning how the students were forced to end their demonstration. At one point, when the students reached Hawthorne High and were going to being a rally, the police forced the media out of the area and "corralled up the students with German Shepards and cops surrounding them." Shortly after that they managed to get the students to go back to their school and classes resumed. Bill says he later talked to one of the students and asked how exactly the police managed to get the students to give up their intention of holding the rally. The student told him that they were told they would be arrested for trespassing. "I started counting police cars and lost count at 43," Bill stated. "And this is just in the front of the school. They had the whole parameter of the school blocked off. They looked like they were getting ready to go in there and hurt people. They took over the whole parking lot of the post office across the street, and they had another set of guys putting on their riot gear."

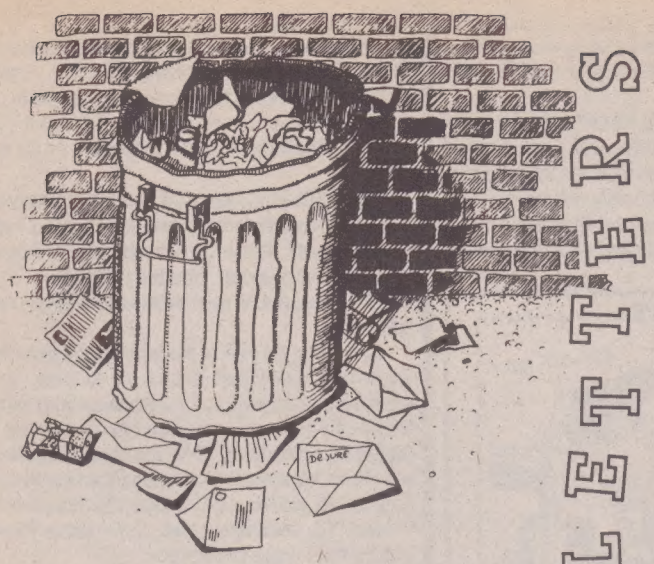
The other important aspect concerning this incident, in which Bill wanted to bring out, was the lies the media spread about it. The papers (police) refered to gangs as the cause of the supposed violence. "They keep harping on that gang thing because it's such an emotional issue right now. Because they want to bring ill feeling towards this movement," said Bill Bridges. "The gang thing had nothing to do with it." Even the Leuzinger Principle admitted that "This has nothing to do with the gangs. Considering the number of students we were dealing with, they were really well behaved.

There are some inconsistencies with the reporting of the LA Times. Their estimation of the numbers of students varies from 2,000 to 3,000 on the same exact page. They also had a map displaying the route of the march. It also was incorrect. The LA Times cover photo used – which shows 4 young men lying on the pavement face down while a police officer is pointing a gun at them – is not even in the direct route taken by the protesters but instead it is two blocks away. Bill also says he went to the LA Times with his photographs but got the impression that they only wanted pictures which displayed the negative aspects of the demo. He did leave his pictures with them – evidently none were used.

Bill stated that "The media in the surrounding areas were sensationalizing this even worse than the local media did. My friends mother called him the night of the demonstration from Washington to ask him if he was o.k., because the media played it up so big that it sounded like it was the Watts riots happening again." He also added that "It (the paper) says all the students were bused back to their schools and everything was back to normal by 1:30. However, at 2:45 there was an announcement made over the PA of the LA Airforce Base in El Segundo warning: 'Due to the rioting at Hawthorne High School, we warn those who travel El Segundo Blvd. to take an alternative route home. ' People were scared to death to get in their cars and go home because they thought there was a riot going on... Now we've got all this tension building up. They (the public) are looking at it as if the students were wrong. The students are looking at it as if the school is wrong. All these tensions are building up and it's all because the media is not telling the people the truth." *-Drb*

Photo: Bill Bridges

The cops are dressing for the occasion



BEN IS DEAD, LONG LIVE BEBOP

This is serious. It looks as though another cool hangout will soon be dead. I'm talking about BeBop Records. I felt it was important to you as well as the crowd this place serves to really make a special effort to see that Rich gets the support he deserves. BeBop has been a distributor of *Ben Is Dead* and I would hate to have this vehicle closed. That supplies so much literature and information.

Not only does BeBop provide a creative and liberal environment, it allows one of the few settings where art can stand on its own feet. There is poetry, live music, and local art displayed continuously. There are no interfering complications (ie: alcohol, food, etc.) to take away from the artistic focus. It is so unlike any other club, it would be a crime to let it die without a fight. It is our responsibility to care for the success of these kinds of places. We are the customers audience, and performers who benefit from them. Without them we might as well be dead. One dead is too many, so please notify the readers. If they have never been to BeBop, now is the chance to try. It's located at Reseda on Sherman Way (near the Country Club). Schedules of shows are listed in the LA Weekly. Rich needs our help. He's given us a place to go, it's time to give a little back. –Concerned Patron

TWO TONE NONSENSE

Dear Ben Is Dead,
I just started reading your magazine and I'm glad I did. You guys are doing a wonderful job, and I'm always relieved to hear from people who really do care (sheltered person that I am).

What I wanted to mention in this letter was that, as of late, I've been noticing a lot of kids getting involved in something they're calling "two tone," their point being "blacks and whites unite" or something of the sort. I hope not to offend too many people but, to put it bluntly, I think it's a bunch of BULLSHIT. I'm sure these people mean well but in my own opinion (we're all entitled to one, right?) this is not the best way to approach the problem of racial discrimination. PEOPLE!! We're all part of the same species right!?! Well, we need to think of ourselves that way! NOT in terms of two different types. This "two tone" nonsense just seems to redefine the line between people with light skin and dark skin, a line that was drawn by bigots in the first place, correct? My interpretation is that, rather than trying to end prejudice, it would be continuing this segregation that we're already sick of enduring, which (I hope) is not what they're trying to do. I don't mean to sound redundant, but we're all equal people, so let's pull off the damn blindfolds, and look to ourselves as people as opposed to seeing ourselves as black, white, red, yellow, etc. (C'mon, waddya say?)

Anyway, I've been thinking that the most effective way of avoiding brainwashing is by taking the good ol' television set and chucking it out the window... but no!.. if I do that, I'll miss this week's episode of... (ha, ha).

Once again, I dig your magazine and want you to know that you've gained another reader and friend. –TARO

P.S.: Oh, by the way, for those who haven't read it, I strongly suggest the book: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee,* by Dee Brown. It's a very thorough and stirring account of the history of the Native Americans and the "White Man." It's eye opening truths about much in high school history classes. It's extremely easy to find, and it may (yeah, right) cause some of those "white power" folks to think twice before being so proud of "their race."

WHAT ISN'T ALTERNATIVE?

Darby and righteous crew-

Read your publication #7 and #8 and just wanted to say that the raging spirit that exists in this mag sure is refreshing! With all the fashion punk zines out there, blah!

The hot topic that seems to arise again and again is "What happened to the "original spirit" of the "punk movement"? Or better yet, how can the alternative music scene become more intense?

Dionysus Records supports

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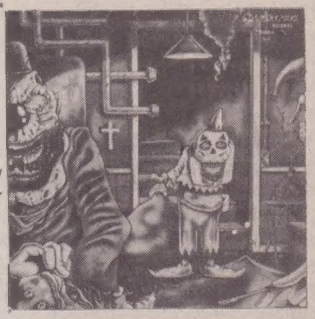

27 DEVILS JOKING SMELLS LIKE FUN
Peyote dreams turned nightmares. From the route 666 state of New Mexico. (ID123316-16C) LP or cass. with bonus track. Produced by Kerry Crafton.

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The beer, loud music an' love juices pour all over you. Get sloshy 'n sticky, mofos! (ID123315-15C) LP or cass. with 3 bonus tracks. Produced by Jay Nap

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Dionysus Records, PO Box 1975 Burbank CA 91507 US of fuggin' A!

DIONYSUS RECORDS

LETTERS CONTINUED

More together and a force to reckon with.

I believe that the weakest link is peoples perception of what "alternative music" is and the stigma/rules the musicians/artists/audience, place on themselves and each other.

Unfortunately, here in heavy glam metal LA, most people believe that the music that their parents do not listen to is "Alternative." But actually, isn't *all* music alternative? The word *alternative* is an elitist commercial happy face. And what does this *false* sense of reality create? Rozz pounding his pudd and Lisa Suckwad getting 6 bucks at the door when these same people can walk down the street and get an even "filthier" show for 2 bills. So fucking what, it's their money and each has their place. In this case it is the audiences fault for not demanding something more to pass the time. Whether it be a book or a gig, people need to be more conscious on how they spend their time.

People should live their fantasies. Rather than be a victim of anothers.

Punk stores destroyed the bonding that existed within the scene years ago. You see, people created their clothes as if they were just another layer of skin. Nothing to hide. Be wearing your hyde! The same commercialization that killed "punks" killed "hippies." When JC Penny sells bondage pants/love beads the movement is gone. Diluted.

Unlike most people, I feel that this is fine and very appropriate. A perfect evolution and something commonly dubbed creation. The most intense creative flow of energy never has a name/title. The word energy may be replaced with people, music, religion, sex... it's all the same.

And once again it is what the perception of what is happening and when. The "hippie" was buried in 1967 by real live Yippies. That's two fucking years before the gig woodstock! Oh, that number 1969. It's nothing but a promoters fantasy. Just like the *SEX PISTOLS*.

Which brings me to say that the intensity of the movement was the people. Every fuckin' one of us. The people that were creating waves then are still motivating people today. Kicking them in the fucking ass! And definitely not needing to be huddled under some U.P.I. or Associated Press title. There is defiantly a spiritual vibe through us all and it is as chaotic as the motion of this universe! Definitions and divisions do not make a seed sprout! Rage!

Jeff Postwar, P.O.B. 2451, Leucadia, CA 92024.

Ben Is Dead People-

I think it is very cool that you are printing Jack Marquette's "Guide on How to Produce an Underground Event." I have, with a friend of mine, put on three shows in the downtown LA area (one at the Hoover Center, two at the Toberman). Due to problems with the city and people at the shows the city said "no more."

Anyhow, I do want to say I think it sucks that more people do not try to put on independent shows. Just sit on your asses and complain, right? Another thing though, why are independent shows so poorly attended? In the past I've lost $400+ on poorly attended shows, and I've never stiffed a band on what I've promised them.

But anyway, the point of this letter, I'm not sure. No wait! People get involved, don't sit back and complain. Put your money where your mouth is. If you like a band bring 'em to town to play. My friend and I were both into Operation Ivy, so we brought them down twice. We've also brought down Neurosis, and Attitude Adjustment. And, if you don't want to do shows do fanzines, take pictures, put out records, I don't care what it is get involved! You won't regret it (well, ok, sometimes you will but what the hell!) Thanx for the space.

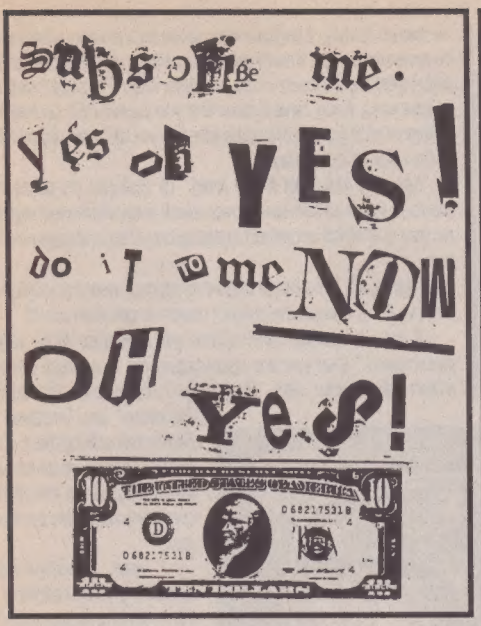
Warren/No Reality Records, P.O. Box 10383, Torrance, CA 90505.

REPLY TO AIDS-FEST

Dear Darby,

Thanks for the amusing mention of CRASH WORSHIP. In the following, I hope you (as well as the readers) will find some answers to the questions you posed in your review.

First of all, I like your title (AIDS Fest) much better than 'neo tribal love fest' (we're not responsible for that moniker). Regarding the breathing, let me explain the reasons for that action. We try to exhaust the audience (& ourselves) mentally & physically, simply because the possibilities for altered states, trances (one of our greater interests) & emotionally charged behavior is



greater. So the (hyperventilation) & holding of hands (creating a flow of energy) prepare the audience for the final piece, usually 30 min. Or longer. And yes, the audiences usually keeps up and actually comes away recharged and not weak, as you suggest. This is an exchange, not a power trip, or satanic, or soul selling. Aggression seems to be part of the process (it has to come out someplace after being pent up). The magic powder was not phosphorus (breath easy for now). Finally, the above was only one scenario so I suggest you catch an entire presentation. Good luck to you (if you're still alive).

For CRASH WORSHIP, Adrv Markus c/o Alarma! 1949 Riviera Dr., Vista, CA 92084.

CRINGER LP AT LAST

Dear Darby,

Hello, I'm working with Bob on the V.C. label now, and I'm sending you a few of our newer releases in the hopes that you will review them in your upcoming issue of Ben Is Dead. I'm glad to see that someone besides myself is having FUN FUN FUN making no MUN MUN MONEY. "The bitches be doin' it for themselves" – or something like that. It's great to see your animal kindness articles being read – perhaps some thick skulls will be penetrated by shafts of enlightenment. Sorry to see Kitty Beat go – enjoyed her farewell letter – good luck in G.A! We'll be sending a new ad for your next issue real soon. Keep on creeping on! You are appreciated. Sincerely,

Rosebud, Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 92012.

CASTRATE GEORGE BUSH

Darby,

In your 12-9-89 of "BEN" you asked if the Fed's can bug your phone by remote control. Well, they sure can. Our calls are routed via mountain top microwave links now, so a "tap" is just a fancy radio with a computer hooked in to listen for "trigger" words or phrases like "plutonium" or "castrate George Bush."

The real question in the 90's is not *can* they (shit, I can) but *will* they? Prob' not. We are small fish in a sea of raw data that the N.S.A. has to search for enemies.

Like everything else in life, avoid excess to avoid problems. 1) Don't talk shit long distance. 2) *Don't fuck* with the Russian Embassies! 3) If you are the "direst action" type don't use your home phone and of course use a fake name! 4) Read "The Puzzle Palace" by a guy named Bamford. 5) (My favorite) Be smart, don't come between an unstoppable force and that immovable object. Change the world by helping your friends and peaceful demonstrations.

Well now, don't you feel better?

Matt Davis, Santa Monica.

JASCHA HEIFETZ & MOZART

Darby,

Was back in So Cal for the holidays & I picked up a copy of your zine (winter ish). Very impressive! Quite a variety of material. Even tho I don't usually listen to the kinds of music you review and cover in BID I still found most of the music articles interesting. (At this very moment, I am dubbing a cassette copy of a Jphz cassette release by the Jphz reggae instrumental group, Mute Beat, while listening to Jascha Heifetz do his thing with Mozart on an RCA reissue. The RCA release is on CD, which is a medium I normally avoid because it's a rip-off – long live vinyl!)

Back to the ish... the stuff on Malathion was very intense and detailed. Still trying to wade thru it. The author, "Omaha" must've spent a whole lot of time researching & writing it. (What's his or her background?) Your layout looks great. Do you use a Mac & Aldus' Pagemaker *(Yes –Drb)* However you do it, it really makes the zine attractive. I also like your varying of fonts or typefaces. I dislike the 'masthead' or whatever you call the lettering of 'Ben Is Dead' on the cover (of Winter ish #8), but I'll concede it's unique.

Sincerely, Theo-dric Feng, Volunteer producer/host of the Golden Mountain Radio Show, WPFK 89.3 FM, 702 H St NW, Wash. D.C., 20001.

FEAR IN FREEPORT

To whoever may or may not read this:

I received an issue of B/I/D in the mail today (winter issue #8). How or who or what ordered it to me is beyond me, but I'm glad I got it. No, I live many many miles from L.A., but here in this hick town, it is always exciting, surprizing and "mysterious" (?) to receive this type of stuff. I never know what will be revealed in the pages of new (to me) forms of literature.

(If I sound like a geek, I am). Anyway. (What I'm getting at, I think, is that I just want a letter published for a 25¢, plus my time & your thrill). Ah hell, the zine is cool. The *Homocore* review was cool. Almost all of it was, except the ads (well some of 'em). I get really intimidated by it because, hell, I don't know. I'll let you go (I'd be surprised if you read this far – boredom breeds insanity).

Signed, Fear in Freeport (the town with NO scene, honestly).

Steve Wells, 1231 S. Walnut, Freeport, IL 61032.

P.S. Q: Know what really bugs the waste outta me? A: The system I hate is the system I support, and don't know what to do. Doesn't that suck the creme out of a twinkie. (That's why it's signed fear, it's a world of FEAR). Remember this is my *own* opinion and opinions are like buttholes; everyone's got them and they all stink. The edit-borial on douches was great (No I don't douche – no empathy) but I still laughed while reading it.

Steve Wells, 1231 S. Walnut, Freeport, IL 61032.

(America abused in full, from sea to sludgey sea).

(Steve, Think I saw your name/address in a MRR classified. Something about farting.., I felt I could relate. Ta ta –Darby)

FROM BEHIND BARS

Ben is Dead observers,

What's up? I've been doing some thinking and reading. I read a lot about the L.A. music scene and other major cities. I hear a lot of people pissing the blues, complaining about too much metal (which there is)! Not enough of this, too much of that, too many or those. It happens in every city, no one is ever satisfied – it's human nature, man. It's in all of us. I'm a 29 year old from Boston (Mattapan) MA. Did you know that L.A. has more clubs on one street than all of Boston? No, make that the whole fucking state of (misery) Massachusetts. See, now I'm pissing the blues. But that's because I have put myself in a position to be isolated almost completely from the music scene in Boston. I'm doing 5-10 years for robbery (jail sucks). People like Darby, Todd & Billy from *The Spy Lyric*, T. Max from *The Noise*, Johnny Puke for *Wrong Conclusion*, Curtis from *Taang! Records*, and Bruce from *Touch n' Go Records* have been very instrumental in helping me get through this bid (sentence). I thank you all for being "real motherfuckers"! Just try to call or write one of those fancy major labels, or one of those fancy commercial zines and tell them you're down and out in prison and see what *they* say. They can keep all that Skid Row and Van Headache bullshit, I'll take BULLET LAVOLTA, MISSION OF BURMA, and RAPEMAN any fucking day. Gimme liberty or gimme DEATH RIDE 69! I've been down for 31 months (32 or 33 by the time you read this) and now I realize that Boston has a great scene (not enough clubs, though). There I go pissing the blues again.

I'm not very good at expressing myself on paper (I tend to ramble in spurts), but whoever said "you don't know what you got till it's gone" was right. Some people in Boston thought *Chet's Last Call* sucked till it was gone. Somewhere in this letter is a point I'm trying to make. If you can find it, God love ya; if you can't find it, read it again. And if you still can't find it, write me and I will see if I can find it. If you don't give a fuck, well that's kool too! I guess it boils down to "toughen the fuck up, accept what we have, and be greatful for it!" I'll try and do the same.

Always a friend,

The Can Man, David Woods, Bay State, P.O. Box 73, Norfork, MA 02056

LETTERS CONTINUED

CARDBOARD DOCTOR

Dear Dead,

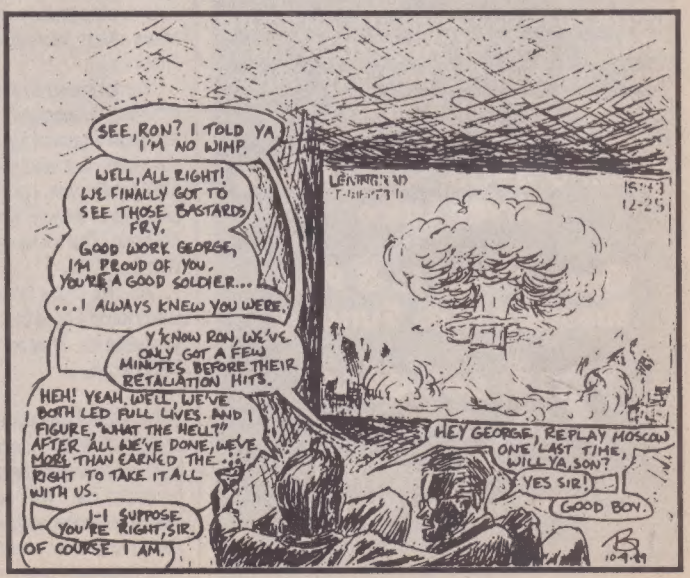
Not to worry. I'm quite sure your wife did not realize the implement was a home enema kit...

As for Miss Suck Dog (and Mr. Gentleman), call me uninformed, Dr. Stupid, but I must know where to find this woman (and muscular companion). Any information would be warmly received.

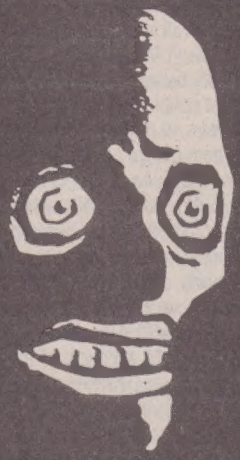
And by the way, Jimmy Carter was from Plaines, not Atlanta.

Expect letters and materials (potting soil, canned cling peaches, chest hair from a guy named Steve, etc.).

Please send all info on the suck woman to: Sara Kelly, 5510 Owensmouth Ave., Apt. #314, Woodland Hills, CA 91367. We


SEE, RON? I TOLD YA I'M NO WIMP.
WELL, ALL RIGHT! WE FINALLY GOT TO SEE THOSE BASTARDS FRY.
GOOD WORK GEORGE, I'M PROUD OF YOU. YOU'RE A GOOD SOLDIER...
...I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE.
Y'KNOW RON, WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THEIR RETALIATION HITS.
HEH! YEAH. WELL, WE'VE BOTH LED FULL LIVES. AND I FIGURE, "WHAT THE HELL?" AFTER ALL WE'VE DONE, WE'VE MORE THAN EARNED THE... RIGHT TO TAKE IT ALL WITH US.
I-I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. OF COURSE I AM.
HEY GEORGE, REPLAY MOSCOW ONE LAST TIME, WILL YA, SON?
YES SIR!
GOOD BOY.

AMOK



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LETTERS CONTINUED

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SENSE OF HUMOR DAMNIT

Darby and BEN IS DEAD readers,

As usual I don't get a trade from you (Darby). I had to hunt it down to a record store in the valley. Anyways, cool issue. The CAPITOL PUNISHMENT interview and the J.D.'S/HOMOCORE section is cool. Haven't got to the med-fly article, looks interesting. And of course I picked up about 20 copies from the stack to give out to my friends.

But the review of my zine, DISOBEY is why I'm writing. Kitty gave us a good review (I guess), but Darby, where the fuck do you get this, "Puts in vegetarian recipes and then slags vegetarianism at the same time with comments 'cruelty free geeks'... strange." Where's your sense of humor dammit? Also, we printed VEGIN recipes in #2, not #3, and to our quoted comments by you we were explaining why the vegin recipes were absent in the third issue. Here's the content of the controversy from our 3rd issue. "Our chef who contributed the vegin recipes in our last issue has yet to get ahold of me. We will hopefully have some in issue #4 for all you cruelty free geeks." Is it not obvious we were being silly.

You know, coincidentally I was thinking the other day how I thought it was a waste of time for bands/zines to write and bitch to zines when they get bad reviews, but now I see somewhat of a point. I'm glad and encourage zine editors and reviewers to be very opinionated. But Darby, you just misunderstood one small thing we said, and for some reason you felt you had the need to tell the whole world about your mistake. And that was your only comment. Coming from someone I thought I was friends with (I'm not saying give us favoritism), you could've called me to ask what was puzzling you. I even saw you at a show and talked with you about reviewing the zine, you could've questioned me then.

We wouldn't put recipes for alternative diets if we didn't support it. Did you think we put them in to please someone?

Now a whole bunch of cool folk are going to read that, a review we desperately needed, & completely get the wrong idea of Wendy & mines efforts because of YOUR mistake. Thanks a lot.

I'm not pissed off at you Darby, just extremely disappointed. If you had a legitimate argument against some of our views, that would be fair, but that's not the case. I really hope you print this to let your readers know what's up. That's it for my bitching. With love, Dale.

P.S. I'm happy to say that I've finally found a band in S. Calif that impresses me. They are ALL SYSTEMS GONE.

Dale — About you receiving a copy of BEN IS DEAD by mail – upon receiving your letter they were yet to be mailed out. With bulk mail it takes a lot longer and besides that we're pretty slow about the whole thing (especially since at that period we had no home). Everyone who sends us a fanzine, whether it be reviewed or not, should get BEN in trade. If you did and you didn't then there's an err in the computer files. Possibly though, in your case, I may have figured that you picked BEN up free in a store or club (as lots of people who live in California do) which helps us save on postage.

I guess I didn't get it (the joke). I'll look (for my sense of humor). I had no confusion over which issue contained vegan recipes and which contained explanations of absent vegan recipes.

I agree, it's not a waste of time to express view points (conflicting, etc.), though the subject matter in question could.

If you "encourage zine editors and reviewers to be very opinionated," then you are encouraging me to express mine, which I did in your case. People don't always know that their "opinions" are "mistakes" before ever stating them, do they? (Though we do know that our opinions are often considered mistakes by others).

I was questioning something whose explanation – which you expressed later, in your letter – was not given inside the magazine being reviewed. I can only review what is given. If you don't question you get no response. Perhaps if I talked to you beforehand, and been given your explanation, I might have instead commented, 'Puts in vegetarian recipes and then slags vegetarianism at the same time w/ 'cruelty free geeks' comments... strange, but they say they're just being funny.' Regardless, I probably didn't ask you about my question (previous to printing it) because it wasn't a question I had come to yet, not because I wanted to disappoint you.

As far as you not printing the recipes if you didn't support them, that's something I didn't know, since it's not some sort of rule that everything a publication prints is what they believe in or support. Thinking about it, my zine often contains material I don't totally agree with. Though I believe in the rights others (readers/contributors) have in expressing what they chose to support. Are you a vegetarian? If not then you are printing these recipes to please others who are vegetarians, aren't you?.. And so, what's wrong with that?

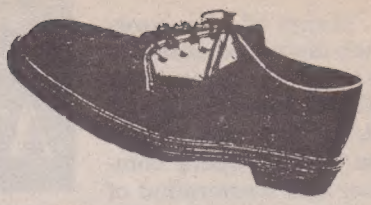
Dale, I'm sure the cool folks you speak of know what to take from reviews. Anyway, as you said, the review you received was good (you guess). The questioning of the cruelty comment was mine not the reviewer's and I think that was clear.

Sorry you thought my argument against some of your views was not "legitimate," though I didn't see it as an argument in the first place... But perhaps that was your mistake. Perhaps you should have asked me about what was puzzling you, before asking me to print your letter.

I'm not pissed at you Dale, just extremely/endlessly(?) opinionated. –Darby

THESE LETTERS MAY BE EDITED IF WE THINK YOU'RE UGLY, UNCOOL OR LONG-WINDED.

SHOES AT RETAIL SLUT



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SUCKDOG AT AL'S BAR.

ANOTHER OPINION

Many of the now-much-discussed events at the recent performance by the band called "Suckdog" did, in fact, take place. Lisa Carver, opera composer and mastermind of the whole spectacle, did strip naked and piss in a dishpan. Jean-Luc, her faithful stage hand/scenery hanger/male soloist, did unsuccessfully attempt to jerk off and partially succeed at ramming a chicken bone up his ass.

What seems to have been forgotten by some people doing the discussing is something that was obvious to most of us who were there that night – the most important thing about all the "shocking" things Lisa Carver and Suckdog did on the stage of Al's is that the "shocking" things were not the most important things being done. Or even the most memorable. Or even the most shocking.

What is TRULY shocking is that, in an age in which there are so many bands that even the inevitable one or two "good" ones to rise their sad little snouts above the swamp for a minute or two and let out their sad little yelps are rendered nearly inaudible by the glut of information and plague of sound made by the others, Lisa Carver was able to lead her motley little band of performers out onto the stage and, for forty minutes or so, spellbind a room full of people with AN OPERA! Sure, she had to resort to some desperate means to do it. The psychologists of the members of the audience having been so numbed by the incessant barrage of guitars and distorted-by-crappy-P.A. drums that are the stuff in trade of underground America that these poor people were no longer physically capable of paying attention to three minutes of music, let alone forty, under NORMAL circumstances, Lisa was forced to keep them awake by keeping them disturbed. But getting attention wasn't the point. Lisa's piss was just the hot sauce that opens the taste buds up so they can taste the eggs.

The point itself was a play of words, music, costume and characters, to which it was possible to pay the highest compliment that any opera ever earns. What the opera was about was perfectly clear to anyone who watched it and listened to it, but it is not possible to explain the same point with language alone. The opera had something to do with human nature, and with animal nature, and with the more indistinct sort of nature – with the nature that uses streams to carve canyons out of rock and makes the earth hurtle around the sun. In the background, there hung a gigantic mural that included, among other things, forest vegetation and some sort of metropolitan transit system.

Lisa might tell you that one theme was that the sexes are basically two different species, and that communication across special lines is always tenuous at best. The women sang together: "We are married cats. We are fucking married cats." It was not clear exactly what sort of adjectives "fucking" was. It was not supposed to be clear. Then later, when the audience listened to the rapist whose body shook in a hateful rage, they could no longer understand the language of the women, who had become a chorus of "meow"s. The species remained separate.

The man raped and killed Lisa's children-perhaps his own children. These children were chicken bones, but as Lisa's voice cracked and she went mad with grief, it was as if some homage to the bond that lurks behind all blood relationships was being paid – a distant sort of respect – and acknowledgment that some things are too strong to survive description.

We were, all of us, blood relations. This was not lost on the room full of people who were being handed a mirror with which to look into their own pasts.

Throughout all, there was the music of the opera – the hardest part to reduce to a verbal description. It consisted of a backing tape made with fairly conventional instruments (guitars, etc.) playing a very slowly moving (like rivers, like history) work that had traditional sections – chording – repetition – and some less conventional aspects – very slow metamorphosis – deliberate juxtaposition of deliberate consonance and deliberate dissonance, and singing. The singing was mostly progressive – sometimes simply a contour, sometimes a hint of a folk melody, sometimes spontaneous combustion, but the arrangement of the three principal voices was traditionally operatic. With such a small cast, everyone was sometimes a chorus member and sometimes a soloist, but even this was done in a manner typical of opera at the turn of the century (La Bohme, Carmen, Die Gotterdammerung). What was brand spanking new was the way that the nightclub atmosphere, the familiar sounds of loud instruments that resonate together in the overtones of nature, and the altered psychology of a room full of people watching three people admit publicly to doing what everyone else in the room also unquestionably does from time to time: urinate, kiss, shout, masturbate – worked together in the service of a musical point that could have been made in no other fashion.

It is a point that ought to be listened to. If all the erroneous and misleading statements made about this one night of opera serve to arouse the curiosities of people who are sick to death of listening to the overly precious, self-important half-music produced by would-be rock stars unfit to drink Lisa Carver's urine, then some good will have been done.

P.S. And heck, if you happen to be a sexist pig (or a fanatical-to-the-point-of-insane devotee of Plato) who thinks that there is a single standard of beauty, represented by fashion models who are chosen for the job of object-on-which-to-hang-clothing because of their physical similarity to coathangers, to which all women should aspire, then it is not even inaccurate to refer to the third member of the troupe- the narrator/second female lead – as "fat" or "overweight"– this is the way she seems always to be described by folks talking about the opera. These are the people who need Lisa's mirror most of all. -Steve Gregoropoulas

BLACKBIRD • THE BLACK WATCH
SAT., DEC. 23 • RAJI'S

It's always been my belief that rock music should be, at the very least, rebellious in some sense. At its pinnacle, rock should be mind-blowing, to the point of being incomprehensible to the masses.

Sadly, the BLACK WATCH does not subscribe to this philosophy, and what I heard was dull, sway-your-head music that Mom would say is nice. The band is a quartet *(?)* of guitar, bass, and a sometimes violin player, sometimes second guitarist. Their sound is comparable to WINTER HOURS, and while they're more than competent at what they do, to me it was bland, safe and boring. Their one saving grace was the previously mentioned violinist, who was able to extract some incredibly emotional sounds from her violin. Given the right forum, the noises she makes could be staggering.

On the other hand, there's BLACKBIRD, who take excellently written pop-songs, and then send them through a Spirograph. The result is intensely structured noise that grooves, grates, and at points, can bewilder. BLACKBIRD is pop music for the jaded. Reworking and restructuring rock music is their forte, all the while clinging to its essential skeleton. It's quite a statement about the Kinmon brothers when 13 years after they jolted the scene with punk rock they are still making music that's innovative and relevant. *–Ted*

ARTHUR LEE & LOVE • LIQUID JESUS
THURS., DEC. 28 • COCONUT TEASZER

Since there was no parking around the C.T., I was forced to park about a mile away and had to actually walk to the show. I guess I could have let those valet guys park my heap, but it looked as though they were expecting to get paid for such a service, so I decided to pass on that idea. After hiking in, I finally arrived just in time to wait another hour for the first band to go on. What timing. After I wandered around the bars, LIQUID JESUS finally came on to blast the crowd back to the 60's with their colorful clothing. Their music was a different story. They were churning out some type of early 70s hard rock that included many wigged-out guitar riffs that almost put them into the world of thrash. The lead singer and the bassist did a lot of jumping around as though they were on some super strong amphetamines. The two guitarists were content with just standing and making weird faces to the audience as they produced their psychedelic power chords. If you like fashion statements mixed with your music, this would be the band to see. I think their clothing is more interesting than their songs.

Here are a few terms to describe the next band. Bone crunching, protein fortified, torque out, mind smashing, omnipotent??? Yes, THE PANDORAS certainly know how to get their music across to an audience. After all of these years, and a few personnel changes, these females can still perform in a way that would make anyone want to be crammed up against a stage. All of their songs were very well written and performed to the hilt, which puts them in the "see them again" category on my list. They even had a song about wandering foetuses. Very chic.

I'm not sure what kind of substance the last performer of the night was on, but it must have been one of those forget-everything musical substances that are now popular with all those living legends. ARTHUR LEE & LOVE decided to stand on stage and stare at the crowd. That's right, no actual playing of musical instruments, but a lot of mush-mouth babbling. Arthur decided to give a little talk about Jimi Hendrix and the Bible instead of performing his so-called classic songs. The crowd was starting to get impatient, so they began to yell out songs he should play. Nope, that wasn't a good enough hint for Arthur. Wow, he was going to tune his guitar for ten minutes. What excitement! Why didn't they get him off the stage? I guess you can't kick someone off stage who is a living legend. Yes, a legend at forgetting songs. As LOVE waited for their cue from Arthur, people started to exit the place in droves. All of a sudden Arthur started to play. That's right, one whole complete song! I couldn't believe it. After this, he went into another song that was really only half a song because he couldn't remember the rest of it. Their set was made up of less than two songs that lasted three minutes. I wonder why they were on stage for fifty minutes??? After a few more words about the Bible, Arthur put on his coat and stumbled off stage. What a performance! You'll be happy to know that Arthur was available to sign autographs after the show. *–Taras Z.*

STEREOTAXIC DEVICE • RED TEMPLE SPIRITS
SAT., DEC. 30 • X=ART

Tonight could have been a great show, except for one thing. Ten dollars to get in. Whatever happened to fair door prices? I guess as long as we'll pay it...

The club itself was very cool. Very spacious, good sound, and an overall cool atmosphere. STEREOTAXIC DEVICE opened tonight with the best show I've ever seen from them. I'll withhold the obvious comparison. Suffice to say that their keyboards, noise bass and percussion come together in a powerful wall of sound continually pushed along by a drum machine. Very noisy and very energetic to the point of being disturbing.

RED TEMPLE SPIRITS followed and were the night's stand out. Their first record was good (haven't heard the new one much) but it pales in comparison to tonight's performance. This was the first time I'd seen them live, and I was rocked. Complete power and feeling comes through on almost every song, but they are still able to remain ambient. Their confidence in their music permeated the set, particularly from the rhythm section. Singer Billy's voice complements the spiritual music well, although his stage antics can become annoying at times.

DEATH RIDE 69 ended the evening with a "special tribal jam set." This meant Linda's drumming and an added percussionist (both were great) along with Buc's bass. They proceeded to play some DEATH RIDE songs with this lineup, and it worked great, really pumping the crowd. Much of the set's effectiveness was taken away, however, by the especially ridiculous dancers that filled the stage. The music was able to stand on its own, and the only people they (the dancers) impressed were themselves. *–Ted*

CHALLENGE THE LIGHT • THIS GREAT RELIGION
THURS., JAN. 4 • BOGARTS

Back, back, back to the 60s. Well, at least two of the members of THIS GREAT RELIGION looked like they could have come from a previous decade. I can't think of any category to put their music into, so I will invent a new one. How about hard rock modern folk??? Overall, their songs kept my interest throughout their show. The peppy female lead singer was trying to get her friends out in front of the stage to dance around and raise some excitement as they went through their set. I don't know why... these were not dance songs! It seemed like they would take a five minute break in between songs to work on their expensive equipment and to make upcoming show announcements. Maybe it wasn't that long, but a long break between all of their songs really slowed the tempo to the point where you start to think about other things like getting out of... THIS GREAT RELIGION showed that they are a very tight band with some respectable music, but maybe next time they can play two songs in a row, back to back, one right after another and cease with the *long* pauses.

CHALLENGE THE LIGHT is one of those high tech bands that require tons of equipment to produce their sounds. It was a type of cavalier group that wore swashbuckling outfits. When they came out for their first song, the guitar player began to flaunt his showmanship and the vocalist started to fling his hair around the stage. I just couldn't take it! They brought along their own lighting technician. It was some technocrat working the lightboard. I was hypnotized. I never thought how fascinating it was to be a button pusher. Presently, I am seeking professional counseling for a technology overdose. *–Taras Z.*

FIREHOSE
FRI., JAN. 5 • BOGART'S

FIREHOSE. At one time I thought so much of this group. One perhaps can still be awed by their nutty sense of composition and their virtuosity (you know... Mike Watt) but I couldn't help but wonder. And WHAT to wonder is and was a problem in itself. If various groups encapsulate, even unintentionally, a mood of sorts, then theirs struck me as one of compulsive behavior. Wandering in (schizoid) limbo with the energy of a Tasmanian devil thing. The beauty of this seemed to fade for me as each song sounded a bit too much like the other (and I know I'm pissing people off by saying that but you might know what I mean if you just stand back a bit and stop acting like you're SO alternative). If you enjoy this then good for you. They played well, smiled a lot, sweated, and Bogart's was full. I've met them and they're really nice guys. Oh yes, let me not forget to mention the SADDLESORES who played with F-HOSE. If you want a bunch of labels, here they come: MinuteMEN gone skateboarding with LYNYRD SKYNYRD in Orange County on crystal as an SST flew overhead. –FISH

MEAT PUPPETS
? • SECOND COMING

Of course we showed up late and I have no

SHOW REVIEWS

MORE SHOW REVIEWS

idea who opened this show, but when we showed up I could hear the Puppets from the street. I've seen them many times before and as usual they were loud as shit. They played songs from all of their records at triple speed and proved once again how great a live band they are. Just watching Kurt Kirkwood play guitar is enough to leave you in awe. The fucker is so fast and clean it makes me want to burn my guitar and sell my amp. As a whole, the band was tight and played a long set. Their space/jam/noise section went on a little long but a really warped and high speed version of "When the Lover Breaks" made up for it. *–Evan*

STERELLES • O SISTERS • MAD MONSTER PARTY

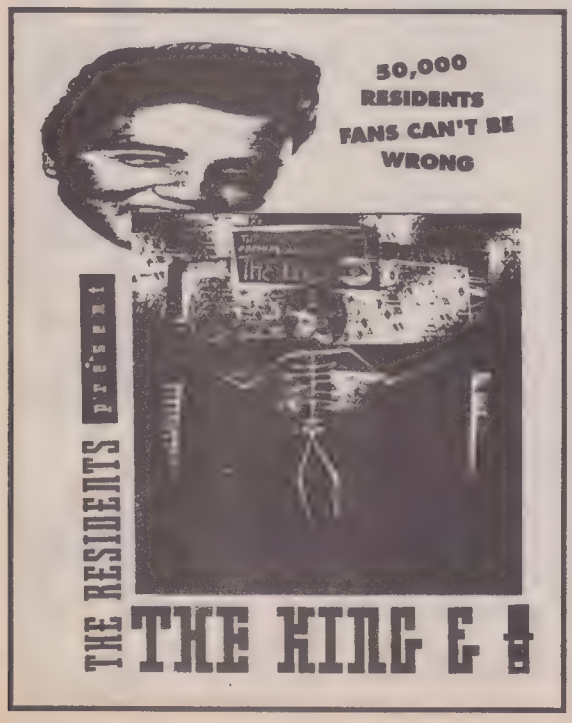
SUN., JAN. 7 • THE PALOMINO

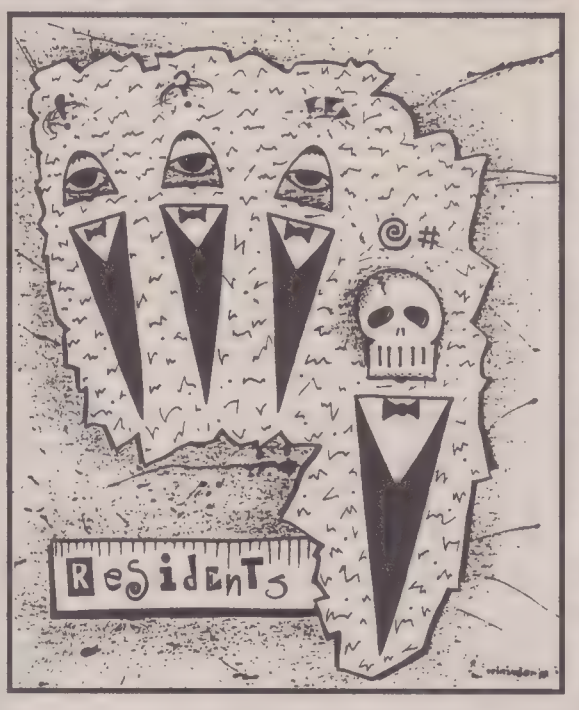
First off, I almost did not make this show. The idea of going to a place that has a square dance every Tuesday night (HeeHaw! Ride 'em Tex!) was definitely NOT appealing. But the need for entertainment outweighed my dread of running into a do-si-do-ing cowboy, so I moseyed on over.

THE STERELLES were already on stage when I walked in, and the crowd seemed to be enjoying them. This was the first performance for this lineup, I later found out, and for a first, it could have been worse. Some of their set sounded like R.E.M meets the GO-GOs, while the rest was edging towards a much rockier level. The two frontwomen traded off vocals, and both can sing pretty well, though the bassist did hit some nails-screeching-against-chalkboard notes. Their overall sound was decent – a little too mainstream, but hey! Not everyone wants to be an Indie.

Next were the O SISTERS. Do I have anything good to say about this band? NO! Fronted by two sisters who kept calling each other "ravishing," "beautiful," and "gorgeous," this band played and played and played and even came back for an encore. Absolute torture. This is the kind of band that plays at a swinging singles dance, or might even perform in some cheesy film like "Zit Faced Nerd from Hell Blackmails Perky Popular Cheerleader Into Going to Prom." Their sound was so pop-rock I wanted to scream. Their harmonizing was awful due to the fact that one of the sisters didn't know the difference between screeching and singing (she was too busy trying to hold up her MUCH too small bustier to care). Just when I thought I'd heard and inadvertently seen it all, they did a T-Rex cover that sent me flying for the bathroom. There I stayed until MAD MONSTER PARTY came on.

With reminders of talentless music still ringing in my ears, I stood to watch the next band in case I had to make a run for it. I wasn't expecting much at all but I was pleasantly surprised. MAD MONSTER PARTY consists of four talented women, all able to hold their own. Gwen, the bassist (and stronger singer) and Linda trade vocals. Their sound was kinda like Ronnie Spector's, but beyond that comparison their music was original. The melodies and lyrics were sweet and simple, with a 60's garage tinge to them. The guitar in the songs was awesome. It wasn't screeching or wailing or flying around in the air, instead it was extremely rhythmic and groovin'. Both guitarists have remarkable stage presence and use it to their advantage, adding major points to their overall happy bubblegum performance. *–Kerin*





THE RESIDENTS

JAN 26, 27, 28 • JAPAN AMERICA THEATER

BUCKAROO BLUES: The show starts as a tall figure emerges from behind a curtain holding a brilliantly lit ghetto blaster that plays theme music suggestive of the opining credits of a movie. The curtain rises and we see the prairie: starry blue sky, imitation camp fire, extra large cowboy hats – with THE RESIDENTS' lead singer as main cowboy/narrator who, along with three other musicians and two dancers, tells the story of two cowpokes who kill each other fighting over the love of the same gal, only to then be resurrected by the playing of The Residents' sax player – so that everyone can ride off into the sunset together for a happy, transcendent cowboy ending.

BLACK BARRY: Cut to the old South. Pick-a-ninnies in ripped clothing in front of a picket fence, old-oak-tree hearth-of-the-plantation setting sweep through gospel spirituals into Jolson vaudeville into Modern R&B. The curtain closes on a monolithic giant with a cube for a head waxing even-more-Faulknerian about mansions and tall white horses.

INTERMISSION: In which the lights are unexpectedly turned *way* up.

THE BABY KING: After an overture of The Residents playing such hits as "Santa Dog," "Double Shot," "Love Me Tender" and the theme from 2001, we see the musics of the traditionally separate black and white cultures merged, or 'cubed' into their natural extension: ELVIS PRESLEY. Two puppet grandchildren, Shorty and Shirley wake their grandfather (who is either Elvis, Colonel Tom Parker, or both) and he proceeds to tell them the story of a baby who wanted to become a king, and what happened to him after he did. Grandpa illustrates his story to the puppets and the audience by showing "how it was done" – documenting the rise and fall of the Baby King in three segments of covers of million-selling Elvis Presley songs, which are both very funny and terrifying. The lyrics are delivered so literally that we are forced to hear familiar songs in a completely sick new way. The rich magenta and blue colored lights combined with the musical goings-on all add up to pull the audience immediately into the story from first note to last, and the audience's attention wavers for a second.

The Baby King tragically ends with a fat, washed-up, Vegased-out Elvis begging the audience to love him (tender) as he's squashed by the oncoming British Invasion (shown as a tape of 60s Brit bands playing American blues songs).

CURTAIN CALL: The same tall figure emerges once again, this time with the ghetto blaster playing "America" (from West Side Story) going right into "Guns of the Magnificent Seven" – as the curtain rises and the Residents and dancers all arm and arm waving jubilantly to the audience. Rather than simply returning to do a predictable encore of whatever other material, this segment completes the start-to-finish theater experience the Residents have programmed, and further ties the excellence of the moment into American music history. *–Michael and Dan*

KILLER CROWS • SPIDERBABY • SACRED COWS

FEB. 9 • AL'S BAR

Say what you will about the sound system, the lights, the size of the stage/audience room, or the lack of an official eightball on the pool table, but this is one place in LA where the bands actually get paid. So don't haggle the person at the door – the money goes to the bands.

Apparently the city knows this and they send their charming meter-swine around to mop up. $53.00 red zone tickets are nearly as bad as having your car ripped off around the corner.

The SACRED COWS opened up "All Animal Night" with a rousing set of melodic rock. Robert's vocals were unntlgbl (P.A.), and I arrived at the tail end of dancer Karin's *(Corrinne's?)* performance, but I did get a good dose of Lynn's violin playing. Most violins in rock bands either sound wimpy or corny, but Lynn put her head in lead guitar mode and wailed. The only other violinist I've heard rock is David LaFlame, and she made him sound tame. David played flash guitar without noodling. They're looking for a permanent bass player.

SPIDERBABY was up next. After four months out of circuit, they tore the place out. Armand's facial contortions, Tony's ballistic cavorting, and Laurie's high energy had them gasping for air after each song, and yet Max surpassed them with drumming that would warm Keith Moon's heart. Welcome back, and don't break any more legs, you were missed.

The KILLER CROWS were on last. Terri is a combination too-much-woman/"Dontcha-break-my-heart" performer. When she asked for water, she got three of four cupsful. The guitarist had that great telecaster sound I could listen to all night, combined with some novel hopscotch pogoing. My interest was fading (sleep), but the crowd adored them and the feeling was mutual, witness Terri's lipstick all over the face. *–Rush Riddle*

LETTERS HOME • LOWEN & NAVARRO

FEB 9 • HIGHLAND GROUND

I wasn't too big on spending an entire evening

listening to bad acoustic folk (where will it end) so I arrived late. This was a big mistake. When I arrived a duo was performing that I could have listened to all night. I think they were Uncle Bill and Sherry, but I have no basis for this other than one person was male and the other female. The female played blues harp while the man sang and played guitar. I'm sorry I missed most of their set.

LOWEN & NAVARRO were next, and I think these guys are all the rage, though I don't see why. They're tight and polished, and good for a song or two, but never seem to go anywhere. The singer Navarro has a good voice, very Townshendesque. That's about all I can say, cause that's about all I can say, cause that's about all I felt. Not great, not horrible, not worth staying up late for either.

LETTERS HOME came and did some music that's tough to categorize. Bohemian would be the word I guess, although only in sound. Their harmonizing works well, while the singer is also capable of standing on his own, particularly when he starts to belt it out. Add some guest electric guitar to the original two-piece (guitar and vocals with harmonica) and they were able to really pull off some great songs. A female singer joined them for the final third of their set, but was mostly lost in the mix. A good band, something beyond different from the current crap of folkies that should really realize there's more to folk than an acoustic guitar and bad lyrics. *–Ted*

LAURIE ANDERSON

MON., FEB 12TH • WILTERN THEATER

My first, but hopefully not my last, viewing into the

Photo: Darby

AN EYE OF SANDY DUNCAN'S

brilliant mind of Laurie Anderson took place at the equally glamorous Wiltern Theater. It was a one-woman show, combining the use of view, music and commentary to pound home her views on just about every socially and politically touchy issue. She presents her ideas in a humorous way that I've found makes them stick in my mind.

She talked about the different pay ratio of men and women, the national debt, exploitation of women, art censorship, the general fucked-up political system, and on that note . . . Reagan. While she would be speaking, her voice was altered to sound like a man's, and I wonder if she did it to make sure men and women alike would listen. Not too often do women discuss politics to a crowd of people wanting to be entertained, and do both well.

The stage was spanned by large video screens simultaneously running video loops, stills and computer graphics, all done by Laurie Anderson. I was far enough away without my contacts to probably miss many profound pictures. I remember all the screens showed a close-up of tile, like a bathroom wall, slowly changing colors, which was actually a close-up of her kitchen counter. Computer graphic blue birds swooping around the screen and crowds from her trip to Japan now caught in film loop forever.

Laurie had 3 mikes she used during songs, switching back and forth between them throughout her set. One altered her voice to a man's, one was her voice unaltered, and the third made her voice a lilting 3-part harmony. She'd often say "Girls" signaling the use of her instant backing vocals.

Too much happened at this show, each person could walk away seeing something that maybe no one else did. The perfect end to the surrealistic evening, was exiting the Wiltern Theater to a procession of 120 ft. yachts being towed to a boat show. People stayed on the corners watching and talking about the yachts as if they were the planned and to Laurie's show.

A MIND EXPANDING EVENING! *–Lee*

AIDS BENEFIT: ANUS THE MENACE • SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE • CACTUS FOSSILS • FAT & FUCKED UP • L7

SUN. *DAY*, FEB 18 • TABERIOS

This was a fun one. An AIDS benefit in which the entrance fee was comprised of a food donation – fresh fruit, veggies, pasta, etc., with a *NO* emphasis on canned foods, and foods containing preservatives, salt, or MSG. I believe it was organized by one member of ANUS, and one off the Flipside staff. They did a great job too, especially in finding the place to put this on. Ever go to the MacArthur Park area on a Sunday afternoon? Thousands walking up and around the streets. Some shopping, most selling – hot food out of shopping carts, Marlboro cigarettes (hold the sales tax) straight from Mexico, and of course an abundance of suspicious snortables, smokables, etc. A slight accent on the depressing side, though filled with an equally perceived energy and spirit.

The show was inside a bar (on S. Alverado Street), which unfortunately made it 21 and over (though they were not too authoritative of that rule). Since it was my season to either be significantly late to or completely miss *every* event I tried to attend, we walked in on the third band up, ANUS THE MENACE. Bummed that we missed the CACTUS FOSSILS, whose asshole song I wanted to hear live, but heard the PA did or didn't do something to fuck their set up a bit. After that we missed FAT & FUCKED UP, and from what I could grasp of the public blabber they've been better. Though I've never seen them myself. (It's times like these when I think back to *all* the shows, *all* the bands I *could have* seen, if I wasn't too late or too...)

Anyway, back to ANUS THE MENACE. So many others thought their name was one of the bands more unfavorable attributes.., not me! I like that name. Although I *was* thrown a bit – previously estimating that the name constituted something more experimental or noisy or... I don't know why exactly, I just assumed. (That's not bad for a reviewer to do (assume) is it?). It ended up that they edged more towards a rough BUZZCOCKS and/or MINUTEMEN sound. Don't know how long they've been together; however, they did have to make up a few songs towards the end of their set when they ran out.

After that, SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE took over. Roberto, the singer/bassist, didn't do his 'backflip with a double half twist while juggling a loaded pistol and singing "Row row row your boat" in a shredded ballerina costume' *this time*, but they were good regardless, adding a few new fans to their ever growing list. (Think about it. SANDY DUNCAN'S *EYE*. her *EYE* man!... *think* about it!)

Then on to L7 (who clichéd my friend Jack into quite a lethargic condition). They – L7 – do inspire (agitate) a crowd though, and perhaps it's the energy they seem able to generate with their fans that relates their significance as a band more so than their music does alone. Besides that, I did enjoy a few (2) songs they played. (And their new single on SubPop ain't bad either). *–Darby*

DEATH RIDE '69 • FIXED IMAGE

FRI., *???* • HELTER SKELTER

The first band began with a concentrated, dominant presence, and within the first five minutes left us teased (bored) and mislead. The music sounded like programed techno-dance stuff with no direction. Who knows what this achieves when recorded, but live (for this show at least) it's about as intense as disco dancing to METALLICA at the Coconut Teaszer.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31
U-TOTEM
DEATH RIDE 69
SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE
GLEN MEADMORE
ETHYL MEAT PLOW
MATT CLEMENTS

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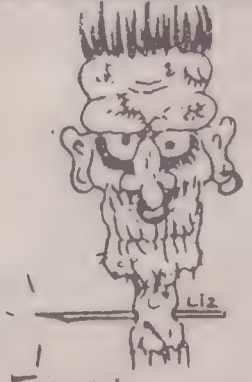

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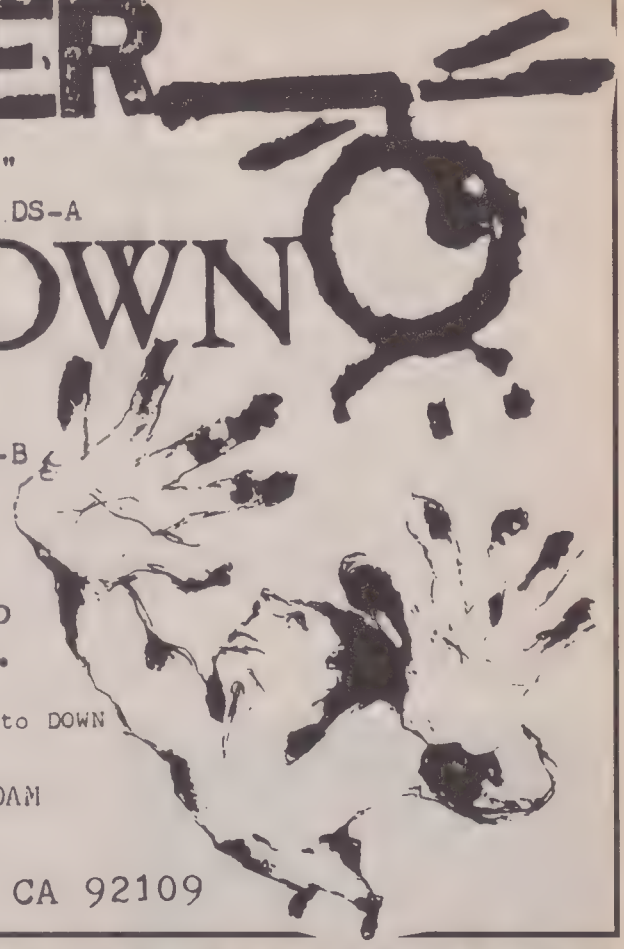

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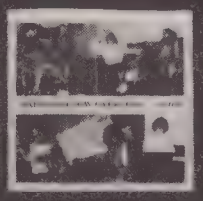

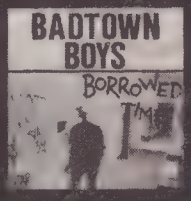

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Yet another review of yet another version of DEATH RIDE. This time Ethan – oil drummer, guitarist & singer *extraordinary* – got his walking papers and the continuing DEATH RIDERs went on to perform with David U (of DISTORTED PONY) as the ever so humble substitute. Though taking into account that they did have to get their shit together with David 'hurry hurry,' it seemed there was a bit more lacking than that alone. Even with the regular musicians (plus a few spares), and their numerous dancers doing *it* intently about the stage, there still seemed a lack of enthusiasm. Regardless, the music that this band gives *is* potent and compelling. I just hope they can continue with their energy to create and don't lose their focus through dilution. *–Mommy Calamity*

Photo: Don Lewis

CRASH WORSHIP IN THE "PRE-GAME" HUDDLE

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS • BLACK BIRD

FRI., FEB. 23 • 2ND COMING

The band just flew into town from their home in New York to play an under-advertised "maybe we'll pay you" show. CABBAGES is a totally underrated, under-reviewed band. Alex _____, rips out intestine wrenching 'In Your FACE' triple picked bass explosions on a par with his old band the SWANS. Richard Hutchins, formerly *of* LIVE SKULL, is one of the best drummers to be heard around here is quite awhile – tribal, pounding, tight, and intelligent. The two other gals fill in the Banshee guitar and screaming end of things, making this Steamroller from Hell well worth the $10.00 admission price. Unfortunately, the sound system didn't know how to accommodate Alex's distorted bass sounds, and as a result ALL THE BOTTOM END WAS ROLLED OFF – imagine listening to an old SWANS record on low volume with all the bass turned off, but with the drums and vocals REALLY LOUD! Just didn't do the old STV Bass amp justice. Hopefully next time we'll get to see them do the real BASS IN YOUR FACE AND HELL IN YOUR SPLEEN thang. Definitely check them out next time!

BLACKBIRD are always worth seeing, and although I wish they'd either get a real drummer, or find a Drum Doctor to program their damn drum machines, Chip and Tony's Fun 'n Groovy melody filled psycha-Beatles-Love-and-Rock is destined for success. Keep an eye on these bros, because they just keep getting better! It's very rare to find two guys who can carry a tune and write captivating songs emerging from the 'alternative' LA scene – which seems to pride itself nowadays with boring, monotonous, out of tune dribble. *–Ethan Port*

Photo: Don Lewis

CRASH WORSHIP

CRASHWORSHIP

SAT., FEB 24 • MIRAKEL'S GUNNERY RANGE AT X=ART

We wait around for hours while a bunch of kind of interesting, but mostly boring, bands play. (This doesn't apply to INSULIN REACTION, because we missed them, and they've always been good in the past). Finally after four hours CRASHWORSHIP is allowed to play. It is *well* worth the wait!

CrashWorship have finally hit their stride. With this show we see a unique, focused group that has finally culled a very distinct and powerful personality. The sound is an ethnic tribal mayhem with references to 23-SKIDOO. The show starts off with the lights out. Sage and fires are burned. The band snakes through the crowd producing 3-dimensional enveloping tribal intros. The girl on stage drops her scarf and applies blue earth paint to her bare chest, then offers it to the audience. The band has some tapes playing and plays a middle-eastern horn. The 'guitar player' keeps time with his distinct percussion sound. Analog delays and tape loops fill the air. The girl then pours the blood over her head and chest and continues dancing. Many of the audience members have also bared their chests and are beginning to BOP. The drumming picks up – driving, rhythmic, pulsating. The audience begins to write. The fever builds. Bodies strip. People slamming, bumping, touching, smashing, dancing. The night is heatin' up. A milk carton explodes in the middle of the crowd. I'm reminded of a 'Toxic Snake Dance in Central Morocco,' or an 'Ancient Initiation Rite from a South Pacific Jungle.' Paint and blood is flying about and being applied. The Love Thang Swell.

Then the plug is pulled...Three guys started a fight inside, took it outside, and beat some guy to a pulp. We hear a rumor of a shooting either inside or outside the club—the Police are coming. The show has been shut down. We are sad. The band is bummed. We've once again been ripped off $10.00. Will we ever learn? NO. Definitely check these guys out NEXT TIME. No one is doing performance, shamanistic, rad ass stuff like this these days.

But dude, those ten minutes were rad. Come to think of it, it is kind of funny thinking of a band like Crash Worship playing to a lot of LOS ANGELES losers. I guess you could call it Charity Worship. (P.S. Also, Crashworship have a really cool live tape called "The Science of Ecstasy: Crashworship Adru" available through ¡ALARMA! P.O. Box 404, Encinitas, CA 92024. Nice packaging and booklet. There's also talk of an upcoming album release. Stay tuned.) *–Ethan Port*

SMART BOMB

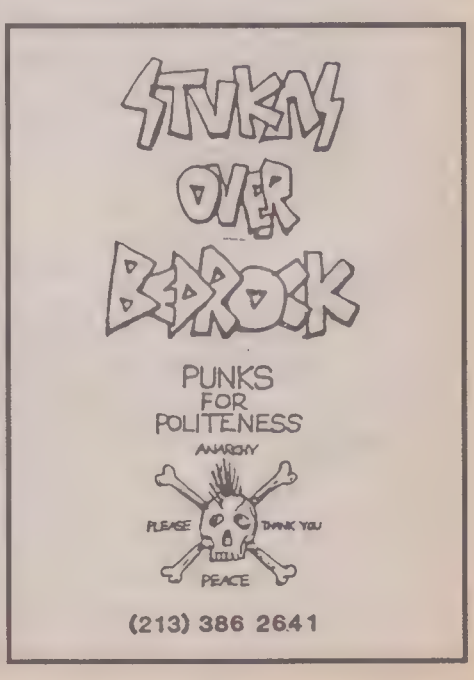
SAT. MARCH 3RD • JABBAERJAW

Despite the fact that the place was packed, I managed to get something to sit on before the band went on. In case you haven't gone to this fuckin cool coffeehouse, it is the place to go and be seen or not be seen or just hang out or hang in or.... well, you know. It's not as small and pretentious as other places, and it is the only coffehouse in L.A. that won't cram weak poetry down your throats.

SMART BOMB went on at about midnight, and I was so blown away. First off, these guys are fuckin HOT! I started off watching John the bass player and slowly my eyes moved to the blond guitarist who looks just like Kiefer Sutherland in *Lost Boys*. Man, I never knew they could make pants that tight. So, I am completely content just watching these two when I notice the lead singer and (please excuse the next comment) I almost creamed my jeans. Oh my god (God my oh), this guy is incredible. And I thought the guitarist filled his pants! This guy moved sooo well, it was almost indecent. I think I know what I want for my birthday this year... The second guitarist and the drummer are yummy too, but I was in absolute heaven just watching the Tasty Trio.

It was while I was sitting there with my mouth hanging open and obscene thoughts filling my mind that I remembered I was supposed to write a review on their *music*, not their bodies. So I took a minute to listen – and they were good. Anyway, I was wondering what the lead singer would look like in a pair of skin tight leather pants, and nothing else.

Seriously, though, these guys can play. They have the meanest, tightest rhythm section I have heard in a long time. Their sound is definitely a combination of 60s garage and 70s glam, which I liked a lot. They did a couple of covers – one of "Get Down Tonight" by K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND, and an awesome version of "Trash" by THE NEW YORK DOLLS. The song they opened up with, which I think was called "Groovy," was damn good too. The stage presence of SMART BOMB is fantastic – they don't just sit there and crank out their music. They fully get into it and so does the audience. This was one of the funnist shows I've been to in awhile. (*Written by slut-sincere,*) *–Sally Sleezebagel. (Is this sexist. Is Sally "sometimes slut" Sleezebagel sexist or is she just being honest with you?.. herself? No doubt if I read a guy writting this about a female-type I'd be bored and annoyed. Is it wrong to think of the bodies. Is it wrong to think of the bodies and then speak of the bodies as you would think... Well, I saw one of the guys from Smart Bomb at Young Gods and told him the attitude the review was written in. He said that was great as the sound wasn't too on that night anyway. Ce La Vie (???) –Drb)*



MUMBLES

SUN. MARCH 4TH • LECTISTERNIUM

Lectisternium was so dead tonight, which was a total bummer since this band was so good. MUMBLES (not *THE* MUMBLES) is the new band ex-DROWNING POOL members have formed, and its quite a bit different than their previous stuff. Most of the set was instrumental, with Michael Satori doing vocals on a few songs. I liked the instrumental songs better than the ones with vocals, though Satori is a talented singer. Maybe its because the music the trio (Adam Elish, Brett Smith, and Jonathan Thomas) made together was so incredibly fucking amazing. Elish, the guitarist, used a mandolin at one point and the sound was so ethereal. The musician who impressed me the most though, was Thomas the drummer. Way too many times, the drummer is overlooked in a band either because he's lousy or his drumming isn't noticeable during the set. Thomas' drumming rocked. *(Really Kerin, must you use the word "rocked?" We're trying to have a little more substance here, you know what I'm saying? –Drb).*

FRANZ/YOUNG GOD SINGER & PANCAKE CONNOISSUER

The music MUMBLES played can't really be compared to anything. At one point, I thought they sounded a little bit like old CONTROLLED BLEEDING, but I think that was due to too much wine (The wine at the Cover Girl Club is strong!). It's kinda 4ADish with a rock twist. Its original, and good, and worth a lot of attention. I was informed that the show I saw was a "very special show" as some of the material won't be played again and a singer is going to be added. Well, I'm glad I was there and I can't wait to hear more. *–Kerin*

MARY'S DANISH

WED., MARCH 7 • BOGARTS

This was the first time I'd seen MARY'S DANISH, which is kind of surprising, as many times as they've played in and around the L.A. area. It was a good show. I like this band, but as I said they've been playing a lot and it's starting to show. The audience seemed more enthused about their music than MARY'S DANISH did.

They're a band with 5 men and 2 women, kind of Hippie Love children, crossed with T-Rex glam rock, and a splash of rock-a-billy swank, or something. They performed most of the tracks off their album "There Goes The Wondertruck," a few new tunes, and a funky cover of HENDRIX's "Foxy Lady."

I had a good time but the band looks like they're ready for a break. If you've been waiting to see MARY'S DANISH, wait till they've had a vacation and come back with more power and enthusiasm. *–Lee*

PETER MURPHY

FRI., MARCH 9 • WILTERN THEATER

This last Friday I had the great honour (?) of witnessing the cotton swab man himself Peter Murphy. I arrived a few minutes late and to be honest I expected a rehash of the last performance I saw him play where I would've fallen asleep if not for the designer pharmaceuticals I got in at the beginning of his new single "Cut You Up." I took in the audience at a glance and was surprised to see a lot of your middle-aged, middle-class Americans (not dressed in black) having a great time.

Trying to find my seat was a horror so just as I began to sit on an empty seat, Murphy drapes himself on the speakers and begins "Kick in the Eye." Being an old Haus fan, I had to stand up, after which he proceeded to play an acoustic song which caught my attention called "Marlene Dieterich's Favorite Poem." I was very surprised at the energy and was particularly impressed with the bass player who had my toes a tappin'. I was thinking Mr. Swab very gracious when he received a necklace and a silk handkerchief until, in reaction to the audiences enthusiasm, he said "Don't be silly(?), it's only a handkerchief," then in an American accent, "Oh my God! Peter!"

Later I was groovin' to his version of "Funtime" (not as good as top of course) then he proceeded to tease the audience by starting "Space Oddity," only to stop and say "That's all we know" and tear into "All Night Long."

He left the stage only to be brought back by those people hitting their roach stompers on the floor.

He played "Final Solution," but cut it short and got everybody standing with a "Bela Lugosi" tease then flipped back to a very energetic ending of "Solution." Everybody was happy, all going into their little groups to say nice things about the show.

Me? I was wondering why my car battery was dead. *–Dan Chops*

HAUNTED GARAGE • GREEN JELLO

FRI., MARCH 9 • SECOND COMING

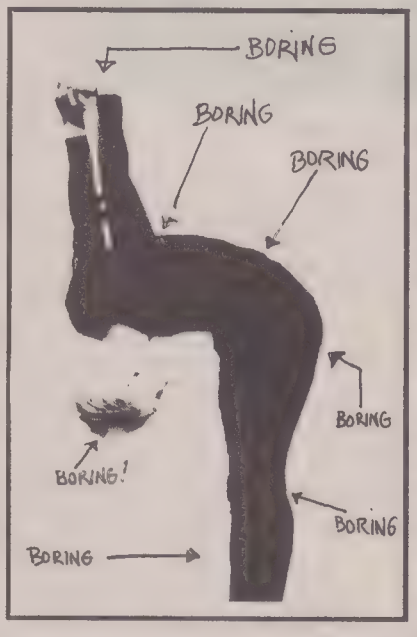
Two of Los Angeles' most notorious theatrical bands on the same bill, who could resist? (Missed the opener.)

Polishing off the evening were horror gods, Haunted Garage, who mine the dark, ugly depths of the psyche with blood, chainsawed viscera, slime, severed heads, corpses, brains, S&M, and pierced female nipples—all engulfing the audience as our fearless guide, the Vergil of snuff flix purgatorio, Mr. Dukey Flyswatter, spits out the narrative along with the blood and cerebellum slime.

Their muscular, skull-crushing hard rock sound has been thickened up by their new drummer who gives them a more brutal punch than before. He is a fine addition to the bizarre collection of personality.

This night they dragged (drugged?) the audience across the line that turns those seemingly nice guys on your street into serial killers.

Up the alley, but actually from a different neighborhood (mostly N.Y.), GREEN JELLO present sort of a Disney interpretation of "Eraserhead" as a Broadway musical. Although often linked to fellow Latex Art masters, Gwar, Green Jello are not at all into Gwar's Viking mythology trip.



Green Jello's 10 or so members are an ever-changing technicolor parade of larger-than-life characters like the 7-foot "Shit Man," and Rob Halford (Judas Priest singer) look alike with the Three Little Pigs. Bouncing breasted women, TWO basses, two guitars, and about five drummers and assorted percussionists create a tight, sludgy wall of bombast that succeeds in propelling the props and songs along!

Michael Shepard is somehow involved in a full-length video album. I hope it's in Odorama even though they didn't actually set off their "shit bombs" live.

Both bands have become more effective in the presentation of their respective aesthetics. Haunted Garage's meatier sound increases the shock of their presentation, and it was quite a shock that somehow Green Jello had become a relatively "tight" band since I saw them before in December. *–Jeff Charroux*

LAST MINUTE 'OOOPS I FORGOT A FEW, LET'S SQUEEZE THEM IN HERE' SHOW REVIEWS.

So, I'm missing reviews for a few hundred other shows I saw. Well, not hundreds but here's a condensed version of a few:

I saw **MINISTRY** of course. (Hollywood "Can't see a frickin' thing and what's that echo" Palladium). Couldn't decide if I *really* wanted to see this show and ended up calling their label too late to get in free (Friday at 4:00 is kinda late for a friday gig... but fuck them anyway). So what so what... welllllp, the show, sorry to say *was* pretty good (not much visually) though I've got no taste and yeah, maybe they are a little too big and/or trendy for the hip folks to *still* like them – or so I hear – but I ate 'um up regardless. 'Tis was some powerful stuff, played by AL and a cowboy hat – did anyone like the fuckin' cowboy hat besides EXENE (if she were there) for god/christ sakes! Also – atop du stage – there was an Ian look alike or something and many others to name drop if I cared to (bummed JELLO didn't make it). The openers were tight – like BORING! **KMFDM** – call Wax Trax for the correct spelling/meaning – sounded like heavy metal dance. Basically I'm assuming they're big enough not to mind that some inconsequential little twat of a 'zine editor like myself – only I can say that, don't forget it – cares that they were a big fucking bore and a half. But, I hear they're good on recordings.

Hum, was it before or after that I saw this show. Anyway, this was a dandy... Just what a vegetarian wants to get drunk to. A couple of kids throwing pieces of dead animals out into the audience, tossing bits of metal objects on and off of the siren-blared stage and calling themselves **MEAT GENERATION**. Woopie doo. Anyway, that was at Lectisternium, who YES are open again but don't let some inconsistencies stop you from going... often.

Another show with one of my pseudo reviews is the **YOUNG GODS**. We'd just left an about to be happening happening where ETHYL MEATPLOW was to perform. It was close but I really wanted to interview the Young Gods so we split before having to drive drunk. To the club: Impatient me walks in on RED TEMPLE SPIRITS – who I wanted to see since I'd never before (don't ask how) – but didn't give them much of a chance... Placed a temporary 'boring sign' upon them and after finding that the Young Gods wanted to do interviews *after* their performance I gave the Temple people another once-over and saw much more. Will indeed take a better look-see next time, and try to soak up their whole set. Young Gods where a no-miss, especially if you've been a loyal fan. Their manic, off-beat, hard-bass sound, comboed with an energetic front man and his deep-pitted froggy-style voice roared ever-so. It's a three piecer – singer, keyboardist, drummer – who're on Play It Again Sam (Wax Trax in the USA)... We got the IHOP interview with the singer running in the next issue of BEN (#10) for more info.

Welp, that's all for now... same time next whenever... *–Darbykins*

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AN "UNDERGROUND" MUSIC/ART SPECIAL EVENT

Jack Marquette explains,

CHAPTER 2: PROMOTION

Chapter One (last issue) addressed stuff about dealing with people at the entrance to a special event. You were misled if you thought that was the beginning, from a producer's point of view. This chapter is about getting people to come to the entrance; as in Chapter One: without spending too much money, getting arrested or sued. Three basic categories of promotion will be considered: print and broadcast, direct mail, and word-of-mouth. All three of these media are vital parts of any promotional program and overlap with each other in special ways.

Promotion is an ugly word. It mostly means advertising and the creation of false excitement/anticipation of some product that is usually overpriced and fails to deliver as promised. The product here, is entertainment and that memorable special event. All promotion is just a tool, then, to get an audience to witness and/or participate in a memorable event. The event's memorable-ness will have very little to do with the promotion. That memorable-ness, always my goal, must come from the event's *exceeding* what the promotion promises or hints at. This excess is what makes an event "special," and leaving room for spontaneity and creative chaos are vital parts to be discussed in the next chapter.

Publications are, in most cases, invitations for a special event promoter to spend a lot of money that may not produce significant results. The *L.A. Weekly* and *L.A. Reader* want you to spend big bucks on display advertising. For an "underground" event, this is how to reach an audience that is 85% uninterested in your event. The *L.A. Times* audience is 99.8% uninterested; out of the question, *especially* at that price. Editorial coverage must be sought from such publishers, but that's done with press releases and phone calls to get into their calendars and such. And although advertising people often hint that buying an ad will insure editorial coverage, most editorial staffs are decent enough to include noteworthy stuff independent of ad sales.

The "'zines" (*BEN*, *Flipside*, S.F.'s *PunkGlobe*, O.C.'s *Happening* and others) are excellent sources, too, and if you're looking to advertise, the rates are dirt cheap and more directly reach the audience you want at your event [note: I am not paid to write this]. The problem here is that planning further ahead is necessary (because of less frequent, often irregular publishing dates) to take advantage of the 'zines. Coverage after the event, although good for the promoter's ego and supportive of the acts (even if they say nasty things) does not help get people to the show.

Trade publications are of little help. Oakland-based (with a Hollywood branch office) *BAM Magazine* does actively seek "gig" listings for their calendar and is well distributed at many West Coast record stores. *Music Connection*, slanted towards heavy metal industry coverage ("where the bucks are"), does review some of the weirder stuff now and then.

Enough whining. Radio has some advantages. KXLU (88.9), even though broadcast from the facilities of a Catholic University, is a now legendary source of support for many "underground" scenes. Stella's "Stray Pop" every Friday (11pm-3am) is the best of all and features performers, usually with shows to promote live on-the-air. Other college stations (in So.Cal especially: KCRW Santa Monica, KCSN Cal-Northridge, KSPC Pomona, UC Santa Barbara, and UC Riverside) are also doing good jobs of promoting events in the area. KPFK (90.7) should not go unmentioned with Andrea 'Enthal's way-ahead musical selections every Saturday night. Some of these stations do on-air guest ticket give-aways, too. Commercial radio, as we all know, is mostly a major record label scum-bag whorehouse. Rodney on KROQ is a rare exception.

Mailing lists deliver propaganda directly to the intended victims' mail boxes. Marketing jerks call it "direct-mail." Normal people call it "junk mail." A mailing list that reaches exactly who you want to reach is the most valuable promotional tool available. Last year's good list, though, tends to become stale pretty fast; especially when us ever-so-mobile underground scenesters are who you want to reach. A stale list will eat up time and money. An "active" list is what you need. "Active" means that when the mail gets returned, the list gets changed. Sometimes the P.O. offers a forwarding address; most often it's "forwarding order expired." There are lots of lists around.

Starting your own list is a project, but if more than several special events are anticipated: *do it*. Access to a simple computer that can print labels is suggested. My "PartyList®" (active since 1981) is one example. Made possible by my second best friend "Mac" the computer, nearly 1,100 entries can reach folks who have attended previous events or ought to know about them (press). List loaning/swapping/buying is very easy from many groups, including 'zines, galleries, shops, bands, and various promoters. The smart list loaner will offer one print-out on labels, not to be copied. It's not nice to steal others' information without their permission or consent and it is not hard to detect unauthorized thefts. In late 1988 a Mr. Billy Limbo coaxed me to share my PartyList® on a one-time basis to support the opening of his after-hours "Ground Zero." Some weeks later my mother asked me how I could be doing two clubs at the same time. She showed me my Al's Bar calendar and more "Ground Zero" postcards – both with the same mis-spelling I had originally entered (as a detection test). I was pissed about being ripped off, considered suing, but calmed down when I realized how many hours it must have taken for them to re-enter the list off of the original labels; punishment enough.

Sorting by zip code becomes important, especially if you choose the Bulk Mail route. The Bulk permit can save money but has its drawbacks. It costs $80 to start. You need to be trained about all the details involved. This training makes a high school algebra class look like a party. The minimum bulk mailing is 200 items, bundled (and pre-sorted: by *you*) in zip code order and delivered to the appropriate regional post office. Bulk mail can take up to two weeks to get delivered. I tried it. I hate it. And I never have the propaganda ready that far in advance. First Class mail requires no sorting and gets it there in 1-3 days. It gets returned at no extra charge (Bulk requires that you

print "Address Correction Requested" printed on the piece and costs 25¢ for each returned piece). First Class postcards @15¢ each are my propaganda medium of choice; they make compact hand-outs, too. Bulk rate mailed postcards end up costing just about the same as first class postcards and won't get delivered as fast. Bulk rate works for heavier items like 'zines and catalogs and the *real* junk mail no one asked for.

The best anecdote I have about direct mail happened in 1982 to promote a special event featuring SAVAGE REPUBLIC. Bruce Licher, the band's leader (and lead guitar player) (and creator of Independent Project Records & Press) did a postcard mailing for a show I had organized at an odd Latin disco/restaurant in Downtown L.A.'s warehouse district. Bruce had, in addition to affixing regular first class stamps to the artfully printed postcards, added stamps he designed and printed for the nation-state of the "Savage Republic." Nicer looking stamps than the P.O.'s, I think they got jealous. We were busted. The owners of "Fiesta House" received a summons accusing them of postal forgery! They panicked. Over half of the mailing was returned to them with the summons. Our hosts thought they would be deported. A series of explanations were offered to Terminal Annex P.O. Headquarters and they agreed to drop the charges if we promised to never do it again. Don't mess with these guys.

Mail also works in many other ways. If performers can provide press photos, cassette samples, bios, press clippings, etc. you mail them to the press folk. Bombard them with as much stuff as you have. At the *L.A.Weekly* there may be ten names to hit. *(Though this is not the case at BEN!!! -Darby!)* Read the staff list and choose everyone whose title falls within limits. This is the best chance for FREE publicity available. Follow-up phone calls to politely inquire if they received the mailing help, too.

If the acts booked to perform have little "name recognition" (that's market-ese for "has anyone ever heard of them?") to the audience you want in attendance, the artwork for the flyers/posters/cards becomes very much more important. Inspired artist(s) who understand and are inspired by what it is you are promoting should get involved in creating the graphic materials.

Flyers and postcards do not all have to be mailed, of course. They also double as a "hand-out" medium that works well in some situations. Clubs with competing shows will toss your stuff fast unless things are personally handed out or windshield-wipered. Lots of record stores and other shops are receptive to flyer distribution. In L.A. county Na-Na, AMOK, Poo-Bah Records (Pasadena), those two hateful Gorky's, and L.A.C.E. Gallery are among the most receptive. Some of the biggest snots include Cocola and Vinyl Fetish.

Printing a discount of $1 or $2 (or 2-fur-1) with the flyer/card is a good way to find out what this mailed/hand-out medium is worth for you. Posting flyers on public poles and campus bulletin boards without permission can get you in trouble. If you believe it helps, do it anyway. West Hollywood is a particularly paranoid town, and UCLA and USC are bitchy campuses in this regard. If harassed (and cases of being tracked down by dumb-fuck bureaucrats do occur, e.g. Coconut Teaszer vs. City of W' Hollywood); just say the act(s) did it without your authorization and "NO" you don't have their phone numbers. Tell them to call 411... for listings like "Fat & Fucked-Up," "Death Ride '69" and "The Wild Stares." Be polite and speak their dumb-fuck language.

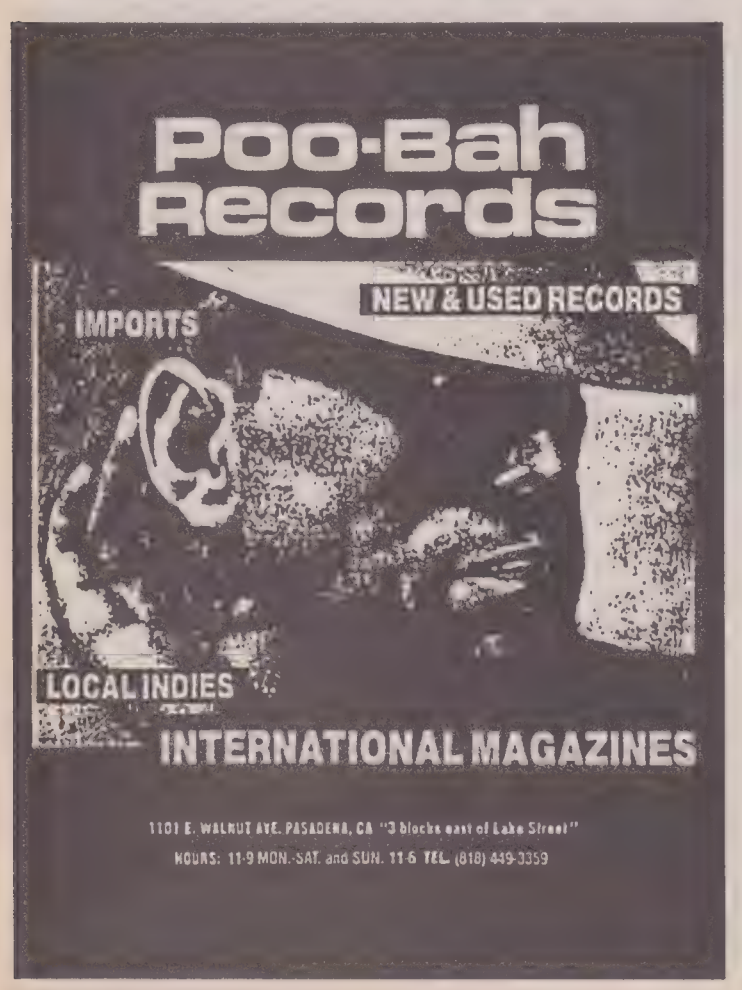
There are a few telephone numbers that can be called for tips on good shows. BEN has been doing this for a while at no cost to promoters or audience/callers. I have heard there are others but don't know who they are. Boycott the stupid "976" and "1-900" racquets. They want bucks up both ends.

Pre-ticket sales are also feasible for that mega-event. Ticketmaster® is the best around, charging only 3% of the cover price back to the promoter and they pay promptly. The ticket buyer, though, pays a hefty service charge but, hopefully, does so for the convenience of assured admission from some far flung suburban origin.

Finally, it's word-of-mouth, person-to-person grass roots human communication that is the ultimate medium. You've booked the most exciting event of the year and better believe it yourself before you bother to convince anyone else. You have friends and know people. You call them. The performers know people (and have friends?) and you call those performers and request that they make some calls and "NO," they cannot *all* be on the guest list. And so on, and so on...

—Jack Marquette

NEXT CHAPTER: THE SITE
(including logistics, plus tips on handling the police and fire depts.)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HERE'S SOME MORE MALATHION INFORMATION PUT TOGETHER SINCE THAT ARTICLE IN OUR LAST ISSUE (DECEMBER). I DECIDED TO JUST PUT IT OUT AS A LONG CONTINUOUS LIST (BIG MESS) INSTEAD OF ORGANIZING IT MORE CAUSE I'VE NO TIME. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO SAID WHAT – AS MANY ARE QUOTES – JUST WRITE/SEND A STAMP, AND I CAN SEND YOU THE WHOLE TRANSCRIBED THING (OR SOMETHING???) OH YEAH, MOST OF THE INFO WAS TAKEN FROM THE MALATHION HEARINGS (8 HOURS LONG – RECORDED OFF KPFK – A MONTH OR SO AGO). OTHER INFO'S TAKEN FROM THE RADION, ARTICLES, NEWSLETTERS, ETC. THANKS TO KERIN, PETE GRELLA, STEVE G., AND NIKKI FOR TRANSCRIBING THIS SHIT.

Doctor Popaneck (?), Toxicologist for the Department of Agriculture testifies that there were hundreds and thousands of studies proving Malathion to be safe. When asked to produce one he produced two, one of which the author who conducted the study refused to sign. The other which cost tax payers $800,000 and is exactly two pages long. • Malathion has never been tested by the EPA, so testing is actually being done on us. •"Emergency order" to spray was illegal. Not a shred of scientific or medical evidence that proved that Malathion is anything less than a deadly toxin. • Some of the fruit that the spray is used for isn't even in season. • If an M.D. speaks out against pesticides and herbacides he is in danger of losing his license. "This is a medical monopoly state. One of the worst to practice medicine in... There are doctors who have come here from the Soviet Union to practice medicine and they left and went back to the Soviet Union because they were freer in their practice." • U.S. army study was cited demonstrating that it causes psychological changes. Dave Emery informed KPFK that – according to Victor Marchettey (?), author of the book "The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence" – the helicopters used in spraying Santa Clara were Everygreen Helicopters, Division of Everygreen Aviation, a CIA propriatory organization. • State government wants to include Venture County (perhaps already included by press time) in spraying since there are large numbers of Organic gardens. Chemical Agriculture people want them out of business since they cost them about $300,000 a year. A lot of Californians don't mind paying extra for organically grown products since they're so much better (and not poisoned). C.A.P.'s see spraying as a means to an end. • Malathion kills 90 species of beneficial insects, including earthworms and lady bugs. (Karin asks: By the way, have you seen a ladybug lately (or a honey bee that isn't dead). • Mayor Ruth Odako (?) from the city of Commerce: "Her city represented is purely industrial, with no fruit trees, yet they've been sprayed twice. She believes that the Department of Health Services should be in charge of the Medfly situation, not the Department of Agricultural." • Mayor Moses of Azuza: "Azuza sits on a water bed, which supplies that part of the San Gabriel valley. Moses is concerned about contamination of water supplies and trout streams" • One part Malathion to 128 parts water is too toxic, and we're being sprayed with a one to three ratio. • Dr. Paula Kesslac (?) of Sherman Oaks is suspicious of Malathion testing on lab animals. Seeing that rats, on which a lot of toxicity tests have ben performed and pointed to as proof that Malathion is safe, will metabolize and eliminate some toxin in three hours, whereas it remains in human bodies for up to 72 hours. • Malathion can stay in swimming pools up to four months (perhaps/probably longer). The effects of the mix between Malathion and Chlorine (etc.) are unknown. • Along the boundary of the spray area people may be sprayed one night, and then again the second night when the neighboring area is sprayed. Hundreds of miles getting "double spray". No way to lay down an even layer. Huge vortex from rotors of plane. Lay of the land precludes even spraying. • Official position is that drops are too small to inhale. A raindrop, before it hits you, may have gone up and down twelve times. Turbulence from helicopter causes malathion to evaporate and rise - it lands on dust. You may breathe malathion laden dust. Changes into malaoxine. The moment it enters body it goes somewhere. Detoxified by liver, but may destroy living tissue before it gets to liver.• Official position is that there is "little threat". Why are residents reminded to stay indoors and to protect pets? Label on bottles of malathion says that it is toxic and "can cause damage." • Questions testing on animals as they don't have "the same DNA as people." Claims that the antidote to malathion is the same as the antidote to agent orange and "they" aren't telling us this. • "Malathion has been shown to damage chromosome structure in human lymphosites but no correlation is revealed between the dose and the level of aberration." • Conversion of malathion to malaoxin (10,000 times more toxic) may occur in body due to "certain enzymes" and exposure to sunlight. Male and female rats exhibited greater incidence of benign and malignant neoplasms of the thyroid gland with either low or high doses of malaoxin. Malathion shown to produce birth defects and chromosomal abnormalities at very low doses (2 1/2 parts per million – lower that 8 parts per million permitted as food residue). Neurological abnormalities in rats even when the chemical is undetectable in blood samples. • Malathion is a "sensitizer of the skin". Some people get skin eruptions from one part per million. Permissible levels on vegetables are 8 parts per million here, 3 parts per million in India and 1/2 part per million in Japan. Because of greater toxicity of breakdown products, plant residues may be more toxic than implied by parts per million. • Medfly spraying isn't the only source of malathion you may be exposed to. Increase of pesticide burden from garden pesticides. Possibility of synergistic reactions between pesticides resulting in chemicals of greater toxicity. Iso-malathion is degradation product of malathion which may be considerably more toxic. Case in India where 2800 field workers were exposed and several got sick. Little is known about breakdown products or interaction between these products and environment. May be exposure to hazardous substances long after the spraying has stopped. No testing for malathion in water in Orange County. • Symptoms of organo-phosphate toxicity varied. "Mimic many other ailments, such as flu, etc." • Symptoms of mild Malathion poisoning: loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, weakness, anxiety, tremors, and visual impairment. • Symptoms of moderate Malathion poisoning: nausea, sweating, salivation, abdominal cramps, vomiting, and slow pulse. • Symptoms of severe Malathion poisoning: diarrhea, pin-point and non-reactive pupils, respiratory distress, pulmonary edema, cyanosis, loss of sphincter control, convulsions, coma, and heart block. • One in seven children in LA Unified School District have been diagnosed with affective disorders related to an inability to absorb acetocoline. • There have been over 100 well documented and detailed complaints from Malathion spraying in Santa Clara in 1981: nausea, vomiting, dizziness, visual blurring, weakness, and bronchial congestion. • From publication called "Nature", 12/4/61. Report on study of second generation toxicity of malathion in rats. Rats fed concentration level so low they showed no effects. Second generation exhibited growth retardation and greater susceptibility to some diseases. Possible detrimental effect on own children. Feels may even cause learning disabilities. Feels CDFA are biased, as they admit malathion is a toxin yet deny ill effects. Feels a problem is that genetic damage is a more abstract problem than dollar loss. • Reported that Japanese children sprayed with malathion developed sever myopia in later years. Claims there is some evidence that malathion in doses too low to even show up as a toxin can affect brain waves and memory. Wonders if there will be a "learning deficit of maybe 5 to 10 IQ points" in children in areas sprayed. Quotes a Mr. Tinsworth in a govt. publication saying that in no way can repeated low doses of malathion be as toxic as one large dose. Mr. Tinsworth uses example of taking 100 aspirin. The speaker then cites bad effects of aspirin. • George Nimeroth, biology and psych student at UCSD: Considers self an expert of available research. One new fact - from pesticide manual produced in Great Britain in 1974 - indication that malathion corrodes iron. This contradicts what Nimeroth cites as CDFA position that malathion itself does not damage "materials". Claims his calls to CDFA have not been returned. Says CDFA claims that all damage to automobiles is from the "bait". British report recommends lined containers due to corrosive effect on iron. 1988 Study in "Bulletin of Environmental Contamination and Toxicology", pp 110-118: Laboratory animals which were protein deficient had an altered in-vetro rates with microsomal drug metabolism - implication that malathion may effect a "special group of individuals, such as, perhaps, homeless people who are protein deficient and are exposed to the spray directly and through inhalation". Wonders about effects on people with depleted liver enzymes, aids and emphysema patients. Some pesticides, such as alar, have a greater effect on children than on adults. • Malathion was originally developed as a nerve gas by IG Farbin Industries as part of the NAZI war machine's quest for lethal nerve gases. • Malathion has been proven to be a cancer causing chemical. • A review of every study on the carcinogenicity of Malathion in animals determined that malathion is carcinogenic in male and female rats and in male mice. Malathion causes the testes of male rats to atrophy. Malathion has been found to cause chromosome aberrations in humans. A person may be exposed to Malathion for days before any ill effects show up; the amount builds up to a point where it interferes with normal body functioning. People most likely to be affected by low doses of Malathion are pregnant women and their fetuses, infants, people with emphysema, asthma, chronic neuro-muscular disease, colitis, and heart disease. • Doctor Ellen Wesley of Glendale: "between December 15th and Jan 5th. 70% of patients complaining of flu symptoms. (Flu symptoms are the same symptoms as Malathion poisoning). If it were the flu, the symptoms would basically be the same, instead the severity of the symptoms and frequency of occurrence has been different in different areas. Doctors in West LA, whom she spoke to during the same period had no cases with flu (Malathion) symptoms. Incidentaly, no spraying had occured in the West LA area." It is often hard to prove Malathion toxicity because the symptoms are treated and the cause ignored or misdiagnosed. Presents greater risks to the newborn, pregnant women, the elderly, those with respiratory problems and those sensitive to chemicals. Children at the Pacific Oaks school in Pasadena (all 8 in an entire second grade class) experience diarrhea, dry coughs, drastic behavior changes, and lethargy each time they are sprayed: every 21 days. The staff cannot cover all of their outdoor play equipment and sidewalks. • Psychological effects of spraying: feeling of being in a warzone when the helicopters fly over. Fear that one cannot protect oneself, cannot turn to the government for help. Feeling of being poisoned. • Government bureaus are callous and racist when citizens complain, saying that the air in sprayed areas is bad anyway, that illegal immigrants are bringing in infested fruit, placing the burden of proof on the victims. • The Government sends a mixed message, claiming "zero tolerance" toward recreational drugs, yet forcing Malathion on citizens. • Government has a one dimensional approach to the medflies and does not explore alternatives to spraying. • Government uses big-brother scare tactics, telling citizens that if they do not spray now, they will only have to spray even more later. • It was announced in 1984 by the Department of Agriculture that there would be no more spraying and that more sterile fly factories would be built instead. Sterile fly factories cost 6 million dollars (to build). Each produces 500,000 sterile flies each – which is sufficient for our infestation problem. The government has spent between $25-30 MILLION dollars on the spray program. And the fly factories being worked on, may be ready in June. (HA) State has no contingency plan if after the spray permit runs out in 1992, the medfly is still around. • After spraying, the flies are flown to Sacramento and dissected: they check for sterility but they do not check for malathion tolerance or resistance. (It is highly thought that the Med-Fly has – as of a long time ago – already built up tolerence to Malathion – meaning that the sparyign doesn't even work!) • Decisions about spraying used to be local but have now been bumped to remote government offices and to Deukmajian: the democratic process is being circumvented. • There is more spraying going on than is documented so the toxicity is probably much higher: in addition to the Agriculture Dept spraying, the Park Service sprays, the library system sprays, caterers spray, gardeners spray. This is uncoordinated and unregistered. (It should be noted that these areas are sprayed with pesticides/chemicals on a regular basis – to sterilize or ? I guess) Recreation Department of Parks has never been notified of a city park being sprayed w/ Malathion though they have been. SOme schools have tried to make arangements (ie: making football game times earlier) so that the players wouldn't have to play while they're being sprayed with the pesticide. • There is some question of the severity of the infestation: there are 20, 000 traps in the San Gabriel Valley, as compared to only 1,000 in San Diego; therefore the threat may be grossly exaggerated. • The Agriculture industry claims the medfly is a health threat in order to get the government to pay for the spraying, but it is really a threat to their export industry. It has never been proven that the fly is a graver health threat than Malathion. • In actuality, there are seven kinds of flies and six known ways to combat them, but only the medfly has become a multi-million dollar industry, do to intense lobbying from the agricultural consortiums. • The spraying permit which is in effect from Dec 9, 1989 to Dec 9, 1992, has several alarming and/or vague passages: 1) Section 18 makes an exemption for the Department of Agriculture, the manufacturer, formulator, and commissioner: they do not have to make a warranty regarding mercantilibility or fitness of purpose This means that no one will be held liable if the Malathion does not work. 2) The permit specifically states that Malathion is not to be mixed or used with others, and only to be sprayed in small areas – yet no effort has been made to prevent local ground spraying which may interact with Malathion and increase its toxic effects; Malathion is sprayed over a 71 square mile area • The farmers allege a $14-15 million dollar crop loss, but this is not possible, the entire crop is only about $14 billion; every crop is not a medfly host, but the farmers overstate the threat. • The spraying also kills natural predator insects so that bug populations which before were controlled naturally are now liable to become pests • State is using info based on pure Malathion testing while they're using only 95% pure Malathion. Commercial grade (95%) Malathion causes Chromosome break and damage to bone marrow and germ cells at very low doses. • No real control over delivery rates, the nozzles used for ground spraying or prevention of contaminants. • Those smuggling in rare fruit that is susepible to med-flys get max 5 years in jail and must pay 10,000. (A man and wife have already been charged with this). (Profitable business, these med-fly's ain't they).

THE U.S. GOV DOES DRUGS

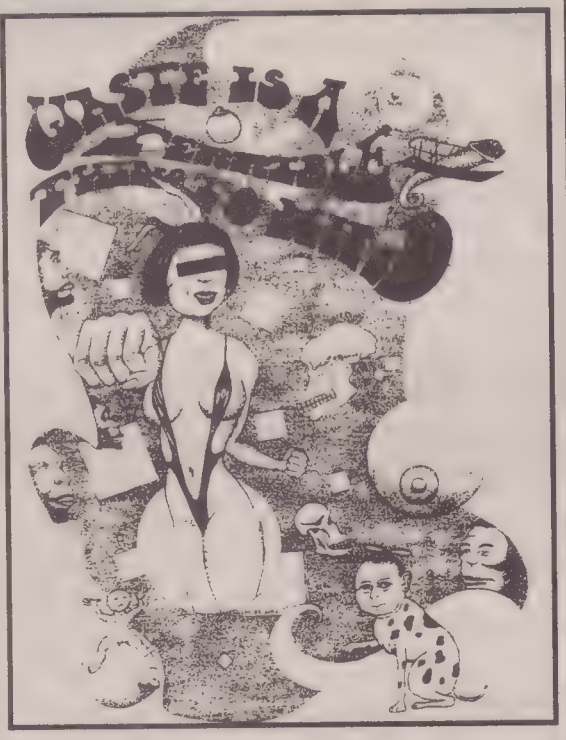
When Americans are surveyed about what they perceive to be Americas worst problem - drugs always comes out on top. This is no surprise considering how the government and the mass media have whipped the people into such a frenzy that most Americans say they are willing to give up some of their constitutional rights to help fight the so called "drug war."

But all this propaganda may lead to the present administrations undoing. There is mounting evidence that the American government has been involved in the trafficking of drugs for over 40 years. The origin of where most of drugs coming into the country coincides with American covert activities abroad. The US first allegedly became involved in the drug trade during WWII. Most drug trafficing at that time was controlled by the mafia in Sicily - the Italian Costra Nostra. Italian dictator Mussullini was not only at war with the allies, but also with the mafia over control of Italy. Mussullini had effectively curtailed the influence of the mafia, but not completely. A deal was allegedly struck with mafia kingpin Lucky Luciano while Navy intelligence sent messages to mafia heads in Italy. Patton's 3rd fleet was assisted in its landing at Sicily in exchange for allowing the mafia to regain power. After the war Luciano was released from American prison and deported to Italy.

In the 60's most drugs came from southeast Asia. Before the US entered the war in that area, mercenaries working for the French were involved in the drug trade from that region of the world. They reportedly gave gold to the Loation tribes in exchange for their poppy harvest. The United States allegedly took over the process when they entered the war. At that time 75% of the opium came from that region of the world. Some people have even alleged that green berets put heroin into the bodies of dead soldiers, to be removed at a morgue in San Francisco. The amount of money spent on the CIA's secret war in Cambodia was more than the amount appropriated by congress. Many of the leaders of the tribes fighting the CIA's war against the Viet Cong were also involved in the drug trade. The CIA allowed these leaders to use CIA airplanes. Former CIA Victor Marchetti states in his book "The Cult of Intelligence":

> While the CIA has never trafficked in dope as a matter of official policy, its clandestine personnel have used this trade as they have used almost every other criminal activity known to man in the pursuit of their goals. In Laos, the CIA hoped to defeat the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese (and, thus, "stop communism"); for that purpose, it was willing to supply guns, money, and training to the Meo tribe, the part of the Laotian population most eager to fight for the agency. The CIA was willing to overlook the fact that the Meos' primary cash crop was opium and that they continued to sell the drug during most of the years that they participated in the "secret" war as the "cutting edge" of the anti-communist force in Laos. While the planes of the CIA proprietary airline, Air America, were on occasion used to carry opium and while some of the highest military officers supported by the agency were also the kingpins of the drug trade, the agency could still claim that it did not officially sanction these activities. But not until the heroin traffic from Southeast Asia was perceived as a major American problem a few years ago did the CIA make any serious effort to curb the flow of the drug, for it mattered not what sort of people the Meo were, what mattered was what they were willing and able to do for the CIA. The agency would hire Satan himself as an agent if he could help guarantee the "national security."

In the 70's most of the drugs came from the Pakistan-Afghanistan area while the government covertly supplied arms the Afghan rebels through Pakistan. The same thing is supposedly still going on today in Central America, where most of our drugs come from today. During the Iran contra hearings it was alleged that drug profits were used to finance the contra effort. Senator John Kerry Senate subcommittee on Narcotics and Terrorism and International Operations has looked into this as well as Representatives Charles Rangal's House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control in July of 87. Senator Kerry's report came to the conclusion that contras were in fact receiving



money from the trafficking of drugs. John Hall is an American who owned a large farm in Costa Rica. An airstrip on his farm was used to supply the contras. He is now wanted by the Costa Rican government for drug trafficking.

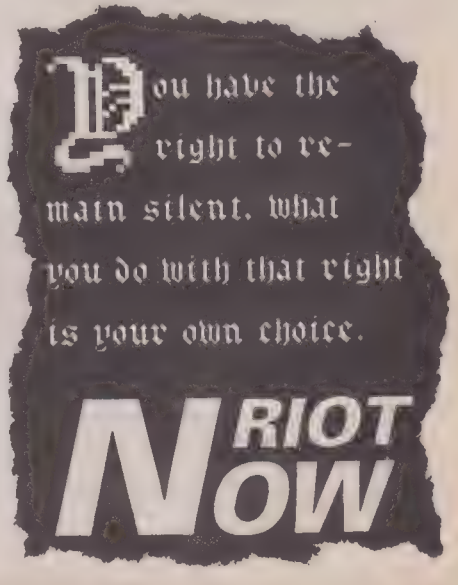
The trafficking of drugs is not only detrimental to the people who become addicted to drugs, but also to the people in undeveloped countries who are forced to engage on the drug trade for western interests rather than develop a legitimate economy. General Khun Sa of the Shan Nation, where most of the worlds heroin comes from, in a letter to US government officials outlining a plan to replace the heroin economy with a legitimate one states:

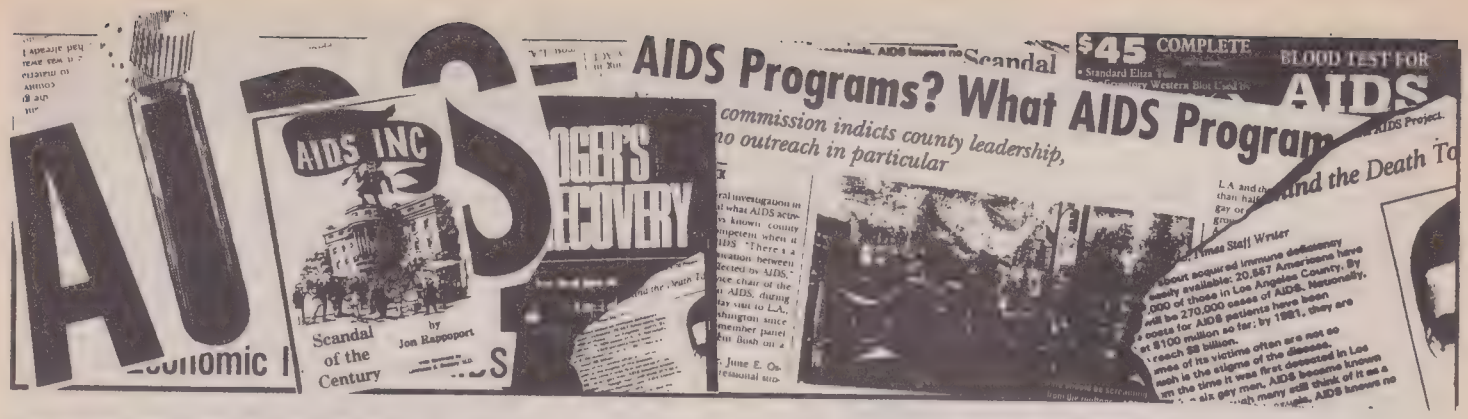
> "It must be remembered that we are not the genesis of the heroin problem. It did not come into being because of Khun Sa. It was here in the regions hundreds of years before Khun Sa was born. It was the British that exploited cultivation and passed laws to protect distribution of opium that addicted East Asia. During the French/Indo China era drugs continued to be used for political and commercial advantage by foreign interest. The American CIA Colonel Edward G. Lansdale reported in July 1953 to his superiors in Washington D.C. that the French military had bought up the entire 1953 opium harvest on orders of the French Commander and Chief, General Raoul Salan. The opium was flown to Saigon for sale and export.
>
> Throughout the U.S. war in Vietnam, heroin production was accelerated to help finance CIA mercenary expansion campaigns in Laos and Cambodia. It was further used to destroy the will of the American people at home and on the battlefields.
>
> Today, the operation remains the same. Only a few of the names have changed as people have died or been promoted. After the Communist take over in 1975 the CIA stockpiled weapons in Thailand and the Philippines to continue operations in Southeast Asia. Heroin provides the means. Officials arranged the laundry of funds through international banks. Mafia contacts handle worldwide distribution. We were not surprised to learn of Mr. Richard Armetage's appointment as U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia. He is well known to us as a key member of the CIA drug team. His position over this part of the world will assure business as usual, while securing his involvement. It is because of this demand for heroin that we are prevented from establishing a legal economy. We Shans have been slaves to Western government secret dealing which have poisoned the world's population. Our determination to free ourselves has led to this letter appeal. We have been forced to reply on opium for our livelihood. The American DEA supplies the Burmese socialists with aircraft, chemicals and other resources which are used against our people, domestic animals, food, crops and water. With no means of support remaining, families: man and wife, parents and children are forced to separate. With such brutal drug suppression measures the opium should have been stopped, but to the contrary, it has not. Public relations glorify suppression results while the word continues to overdose.
>
> President George Bush is not likely to support our plan. Too many of his associates have been involved in drug-related operations."

Richard Armitage was nominated for the position of Under Secretary of Stata in charge of East Asia and Secretary of the army by President Bush. He has been accused by H. Ross Perot, General Khin Sa of the Golden Triangle, the Christic Institute and other people as being the U.S. government liaison to drug dealers. After Senate Committees decided to investigate the allegations relating to Armatage's drug dealings, his name was withdrawn from nomination. He is now being considered for National Security Advisor - a position that doesn't require Senate confirmation.

What about our President George Bush. It is alleged that Bush has been involved even before he entered politics, when oil derricks of the Texas Oil Company he used to be President of (Zapata Oil) were used as loading docks for drug shipments in order to bypass customs. Manual Noriega was paid $200,000 a year by the CIA when George Bush was their director. His narcotics trafficking was well known then, but he was tolerated for his alleged value as an intelligence asset. This involvement, if true, may lead to Bush's downfall. *–Pete G.*

1) JOHN JUDGE - INDEPENDENT RESEARCHER. 2) BO GRITZ - RETIRED ARMY OFFICER. 3) BILL COOPER - FORMER NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. CHRISTIC INSTITUTE





IT'S NOT AN AFRICAN MONKEY... IT'S YOUR FUCKING LIFESTYLE

AN INTRO TO "AIDS" AND THE MEDICAL FRAUD

It has been difficult for me to find this article's beginning. One reason may be that I'm not a writer. The second may be that there is so much information I feel is necessary to include that the space I have won't even be enough for my summary. As you may have read in the previous issue of BEN I've given up the "dread disease" of TV watching. (Not cold turkey because I have–yet–little control over what my friends and family do when I come visit). Since moving the TV into the closet (about 4 months ago) I've read approximately 30 books, most which have happened to been associated with health in some way. I'm no doctor either, but the information I ended up discovering concerning AIDS (and the Medical Industry in general) became too much to keep inside. For some, the things I've found won't be news. But to me it was an intense look at the depth of our (the people's) brainwashing that made me sick at the same time that it relieved me of my afore-destined ignorance.

THERE IS NO AIDS VIRUS.

My first sincere effort towards "researching" the AIDS issue began with the reading of a book titled AIDS INC. (by Jon Rappoport). To get an idea about it's context it includes as it's subtitle the words "Scandal of the Century." Inside, towards the very beginning of the book, you find a somewhat frightening outline (frightening because of our media promoted knowledge. Think about it – where has most of your knowledge concerning AIDS come from?) which concludes, among other things that:

- There is no disease-entity which ought to be called AIDS. AIDS is not one thing.
- The HIV virus has never been proven to cause any disease of any kind
- The treatment for AIDS patients, AZT, can be dangerous.
- No conclusive proof exists that we have a contagious epidemic *caused by a virus.*
- The various definitions of AIDS, used to make diagnoses around the world, are useless and vague. They allow almost anyone to be pinned with the label, AIDS. They actually function to terrorize people. They also, by semantic juggling, promote vastly increased numbers of AIDS cases, which naturally leads to the wide marketing of highly profitable pharmaceuticals as treatments.
- Official symptoms of pre-AIDS, AIDS, dementia, slim – whatever title you use – can all be accounted for by the effects of medical and street-drugs, or by older forms of illness.
- There is no proof that one malady called AIDS exists.
- Many episodes of traditional sexually transmitted diseases, like gonorrhea and syphilis, along with massive amounts of antibiotics, can cause a great deal of immunosuppression. Rejecting HIV as the cause of the disease therefore does not imply an endorsement of free-for-all sex.

No doubt likewise for many, this information wasn't so easily swallowed by me. Even upon the completion of the book, it was not completely clear in my head as to exactly what AIDS really was. From that point to now I have completed numerous articles, books and pamphlets directly and indirectly concerning this topic. Fusing the information from all, I feel it's a much clearer story.

Many other authors have come to the same or similar conclusions, that basically there is no AIDS virus. That AIDS is not caused by a virus at all. And that there is indeed a "cure" for what is considered "AIDS."

First lets go back in time. Back to the scientific world of about 130 years ago. Back to a time when scientists weren't exactly sure what the "thing" was that caused milk to sour, meat to spoil and wine to ferment.

The author of *Immunization, The Reality Behind the Myth*, Walene James, explains that most scientists believed the "thing" came from nowhere. This theory was called "spontaneous generation." *(No doubts you're having flashbacks of Science class by now).*

"One French scientist, however, proved through experiments in his laboratory that fermentation was the result of living organisms and that these organisms are airborne. They grow in the food and ferment it by process of their digestion, assimilation, and excretion."

The author goes on to say that although it may sound like she is talking about Louis Pasteur, she is not. Instead she contests that Pasteur plagiarized the basis for his "Germ Theory of Disease" from another scientist named Bechamp. Continuing that "this plagiarism would not have been so devastating had the ideas not been oversimplified and distorted." What Pasteur did was to ignore that "those microorganisms within the cells of a body can cause not only fermentation but perform other important biological functions as well. He also taught that these minute organisms were fixed–monomorphic–entities, and he divided them into different classes, claiming that each group fermented one kind of food and another fermented another and so on. This eventually led to the theory that different bacteria caused different diseases."

"His Germ Theory was simple and easy to understand, which was the key to its acceptance," says James. "Other keys were that "It fit 'human nature.' Man, apparently, ever ready to avoid responsibility and place causation outside himself found an easy scapegoat in the bad little organisms that flew about and attacked him. After all, it wasn't too long ago that evil spirits had been responsible for man's ills."

She explains that it fit into 'commercial nature.' as well. "When we place causation outside ourselves we create vast armies of attackers and defenders, assailants and protectors. In the case of disease causation, our protectors are such things as vaccines, drugs, and X-rays; and their administrators, medical practitioners. The possibilities for commercial exploitation are endless. Is it any wonder that the "powers that be"–conservative, well-established scientific authority–were behind Pasteur.

As far as Bechamp and his theories, he refers to organisms which cause fermentation as "microzymas." And contends that "Microzymas are constantly developing into bacteria. In fact, bacteria are an evolution form of microzymas – actually microzymas fully grown." "In short," she says, "the microzyma has two functions: to build or to disintegrate tissue.

"Whether microzymas become healthy and evolve into "friendly" (aiding constructive metabolism) bacteria or diseased and evolve into pathogenic bacteria depends upon the character of the medium–cellular fluids–upon which they feed. That is, the character of the "soil"–health or unhealth of the host organism–determines the character of the microorganismic life within it. Bodies in which pathogenic bacteria form are not healthy; *merely fighting and killing bacteria will not bring health, for the condition which gave rise to the bacteria will do so again.*"

Meaning, germs are attracted and grow in certain environments. If the environments are changed they will die...

"Pasteur might have commented, while looking into a microscope 'Ah, here is the bacteria that ferments beer and this is its shape.' Bechamp might have commented, 'Here is a bacteria fermenting beer. In beer it takes on this shape.' In other words, 'bacteria *reflect* the conditions in which they find themselves rather than create those conditions.'"

In later times, Dr. Royal Rife of San Diego, CA, explained that "the viruses of diseases, can be easily changed from one form to another by means of altering the media upon which it is grown.... Simply stated, this means that **the virus of cancer can be easily changed into the type of bacteria that normally inhabits the colon, and it can also be changed into the destructive bacteria of typhoid simply by slightly altering the media in which it is grown.**" He also states "that *if the metabolism of the human body is perfectly balanced or poised, it is susceptible to no disease.*"

In the book, *Roger's Recovery*, a medical doctor must come to the realization that his medical knowledge and his practice of that knowledge were incorrect. The book discusses his trauma and endearment faced with opening his eyes and reestablishing his beliefs when his friend, a doctor himself, comes down with "AIDS." In trying to cure his friend, he confronts many issues, one which inevitably is that of the Germ Theory.

Here's some quotes he utilizes from the writer/doctor

"MAYBE A LONG LIFE DOES HAVE TO BE FILLED WITH MANY UNPLEASANT CONDITIONS IF IT'S TO SEEMS LONG.

J.H. Tilden (from his book *Toxemia Explained*):

"Medical science is founded on a *false premise*, namely, that disease is caused by extraneous influences, and that drugs are something that cures... Medical science is built around the idea that disease can be cured when the right drug is found..."

"So-called disease is nature's effort at eliminating the toxins from the blood. All so-called diseases are crises of toxemia. When nerve energy is dissipated from any cause–physical or mental excitement or bad habits–the body becomes enervated, when enervated elimination is checked, causing a retention of toxin in the blood, or toxemia. This accumulation of toxin when once èstablished will continue until nerve energy is restored *by removing the causes.*"

"Germs and other so-called causes may be discovered, but they are accidental, coincidental, or at most auxiliary or... have no bearing upon the case in question."

"Disease is perverted health. Any influence that lowers nerve-ending becomes disease producing. Disease cannot be its own cause; neither can it be its own cure."

"Every so-called disease is built within the mind and body by enervating habits... Nature returns to normal when enervating habits are given up... Using nerve energy in excess of normal production brings on enervation... Perfect health cannot be established until all enervating habits have been eliminated."

"When nerve energy is dissipated from any cause–physical or mental excitement or bad habits–the body becomes enervated. When enervated elimination is hindered, the retention of toxin in the blood causes toxemia. Once established, this accumulation of toxin will continue until nerve energy is restored *by removing the causes...*"

"*Without toxemia there can be no disease.* I knew that the waste product of metabolism was toxic, and that the only reason why we were not poisoned by it was because it was removed from the system as fast as it was produced. Then, I decided, that toxins were retained in the blood *when elimination was hindered.*"

"That meant that the cause of elimination hindrances had to be determined. In time I thought out the cause,"

I knew that, when we possess normal nerve energy, organic functioning is normal. Then I realized that *enervation* was the hindering cause of improper or imperfect elimination."

"Eureka! I have found the cause of all disease! *Retention of metabolic waste is the first and only cause of disease!*"

Despite this logic and because of the flawed theories of Pasteur, other theories – based on his errors – were to follow.

In AIDS Inc., Rappapport states that, "Traditionally, in order to establish that a germ causes a condition, medical researchers invoke what are called Koch's postulates.

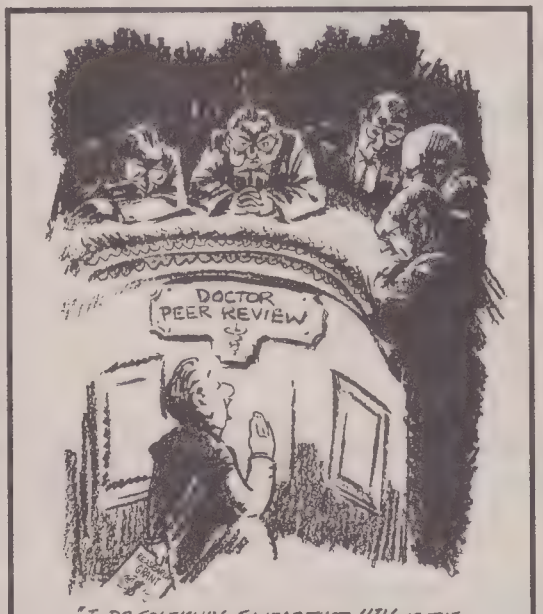
These postulated describe a formula: From people with a given disease, remove the same germ in every case; then inject this germ into animals and in every case bring about all the symptoms of the disease.

Having accomplished this, one says that Germ A causes disease B.

This completely inexact and ignorant formula is one that is used for almost all diseases. Though, if we were to believe that it is the reliable scientific formula that the medical industy claims, ***then HIV has never been proven to cause AIDS at all.***

The scam is that almost ANYONE can be diagnosed as having AIDS. Qualification for a positive AIDS diagnosis does not even have to come from any sort of reliable/definite testing (there is none!). As of September of 1987 you only need ONE of the indicator diseases to be diagnosed with AIDS. There are about 30 of them, some of which are: headache, nightsweats, diarrhea, skin rash, nervous system disorder, weakness, weight loss, fever, etc... Many researchers state that HIV causes a mild flu-like episode soon after exposure. But, isn't it a coincidence that these are some/all of the same symptoms as toxic poisoning (a build up of chemicals, pesticides [yes, even Malathion], drugs...) You don't need to have sex to get any of these symptoms. You do not need a virus to get any of these symptoms.

In AIDS Inc., it explains that there are three of these symptoms: weight loss of 10% or more (we all know that is very easy to occur with drug use), chronic diarrhea, and chronic fever which are being uses as front-line indicators of AIDS because of widespread lack of testing facilities in Third World countries. The Third World is notorious for cases of malnutrition. (Like the US is Notorious for junk food!?) *ALL of these symptoms* are signs of chronic malnutrition. "Diarrhea, through bringing on severe dehydration, is traditionally one of three largest killers in the world." (Can you even imagine a "WAR ON DIARRHEA"). In this type of situation where doctors are meant to use these indicators to make on-the-spot diagnosis of AIDS, AIDS infected numbers will skyrocket.



TAKEN FROM AIDS INC.

It is no longer necessary to look at the cause of a persons symptoms of immune deficiency. Instead most of these people will be – automatically – considered as AIDS infected.

Also note the doctors roll in diagnosing. It is conceivable that if you are a respected heterosexual businessman with a case of diarrhea and headache, for example, you're less likely to be pinned as an AIDS victim as, let's say, a male homosexual (illegal) drug user with the same diarrhea and headache.

Of course, even if you do take an AIDS test, and let's say you test positive for HIV – What does that mean? Well, since HIV has NEVER been proven to cause AIDS, testing positive does not mean that you have, nor will ever get "AIDS."

First of all, HIV itself has been isolated in only about 50-80% of those diagnosed with AIDS. There are many people who don't have AIDS who test positive for HIV and vise versa.

Secondly, this HIV test has not been proven in itself. Jon Rappapport states that, "These test do not detect the virus itself, but the response of the immune system to a contact with the virus. That response is measured by the presence of immune-troops called anti-bodies." Though anti-body count usually signifies a healthy reaction to the intrusion of a germ, exceptions have been reported...."Too assume *across the board* that the generalization of anti-bodies to one virus, HIV, in all cases, signifies future death as a result of that virus is to turn around established understanding."

Besides that, there is no proof that a positive blood test for HIV will mean definite disease later on. False-Positive results are possible for many reasons including: prior pregnancy, blood transfusions, alcoholism, liver disease, heat treating the blood sample to be tested... It is so reliable in fact, that the more sensitive AIDS tests suggest that if at first you test positive, you should take the test two more times. If all three turned out AIDS positive, you are to try the other type of AIDS test. If this one turns out positive, you can consider yourself positive. If it comes out negative you are "uncertain." (I guess from there you would start all over again). Anyway, how'z that for the accuracy of science. No doubt that one with an immune deficiency of any type can be considered AIDS positive, regardless to what disease they would have been tagged with before "AIDS" was even invented.

With this kind of diagnosing we can easily turn the unreal AIDS into an epidemic. I don't have much room to go into this considering the space I have to work with, but disease statistics have a history of being used to prove whatever needs to be proven at the time. From the book Naked Empress, by Hanz Reush, there appears an excerpt from the Houston and Null analysis (on Cancer) in Penthouse: "As a multibillion dollar experiment in how to solve disease, organized cancer research has released its major finding: it has disproven itself. The climax of its failure was 'The War on Cancer'. Begun as a RR cause by the Nixon administration in 1971, the 'War' was acknowledged lost in late May 1978. News of the defeat appeared on the front page of the New York Times ("Cancer Research Now Shifting Away From War Policy"), with Dr. Arthur Upton, Director of the National Cancer Institute, as herald of disaster... The route was in the flow charts. A river of gold had been pumped into a mammoth establishment whose lush survival depends on the state of no cure. Absurd? Or is it?"***

Think about that. If the Cancer Researchers found a "cure" for cancer they would lose their income – and who wants to deny themselves a "river of gold." It's been 20 years since that 'War' first began (It was 1773 when the first Cancer experiment went on record) – just imagine the billions they've collected – the closest they've come to a cure is basically better equipment for surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy (or what some refer to as cut, burn, poison techniques) (of course these, *just as with AZT*, also cause the disease they are trying to prevent – meaning if patients don't die from the initial cancer, they are likely to get ill and die from the cancer caused by their treatment).

Anyway, just as with AIDS, the cancer researchers spend all their time looking for a miracle drug/cure but ignore the real problem. That problem is why people are getting cancer in the first place. As Reush points out "Eradication of cancer is not dependant on understanding the mechanism of the disease, but on reducing to a minimum the substances that cause normal cells go wild and become cancerous." It must be noted that almost no money is spent on prevention, and that through all the money they've received, cancer is still on the rise. If history is to repeat itself, AIDS (will be allowed to) follow suit of not only cancer but polio, TB... and all the [statistic designed] epidemics of the past.

If ignorance is to repeat itself, many people will suffer because of it. *–Darby*

IN THE NEXT ISSUE we will focus on what causes the immune system to get to this point of failure. We will also cover the present pharmaceutical drugs as well as the ALREADY PROVEN natural "cures" to what is called "AIDS," and tons more.

P.S. I hope this wasn't too confusing. I ended up waiting til the last minute to write the thing and wrote it in three hours on the night of the deadline. I'll try to get my shit together better next time (HA).

***Note: I think their defeat, so to speak, was that people weren't becoming immune to cancer as they did to other diseases that were basically caused by poor sanitation. Therefore, instead of taking the credit [with vaccines] for what would have naturally taken place, cancer couldn't be cured with a vaccine [being that it is caused not only by lifestyles but of an industrialized environment – an environment which not only allows cancer to grow, but which wasn't/hasn't changed for the better since then].

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THIS HERE IS MY SIN. MY SIN IS STAN (A MAN). AS A MATTER OF FACT, WHAT IS HIS LAST NAME? YAH. THIS STAN MAN CREATES WHAT I'D SAY IS SOME OF THE BEST (MUSIC) AROUND HERE, LOCALLY FOR SURE. LIKE IT SO MUCH WE (BEN) ARE HOPING TO CO-RELEASE HIS LP/CD AS THE FIRST (IN THE LONG LINE?) OF FUTURE BEN IS DEAD RELEASES. TA TA, THAT'S ALL. THIS HERE IS DARBY AND STAN, WITH BEN INTERUPTING TOWARDS THE END.

We talk about shit which inspires me to ask,

Where were you born?

I was born in Northern California. East Bay.

San Francisco... It's very.., it almost like a yin yang. Everything you can't get here you can get there and vise verse. Think about LA, and think of anything good in LA and you won't find it there, and you think about SF and anything you find good there you won't find here. I think San Francisco is good for street life, and it's good for meeting crazy people and getting inspiration. So, I went through that and got all my inspiration. Now I wanna make CD's. One thing that's good about LA is that you can be ambitious and it's not a dirty word. Up there it's like they don't understand the concept...

Of going beyond their own scene? That kinda thing?

Yeah, in a way, yeah. There you don't have a lot of money being put into people like you and me. You running your magazine, you could conceive of somebody coming along and saying, "Hey, we have some money and we'll put it into your idea, we like what you stand for." And you can sort of make that your livelihood. Or if you do music, it's always a possibility that somebody can get behind you and you can make a living doing what you do. Whereas up there there are some people who can do that, like Jello Biafra, it happens. But more often then not, if your involved in anything creative it's like a hobby. I don't see very many people getting supported for what they do up there. It's funny, for all the reputation San Francisco has, the people who make it that way don't get supported for it. Like in LA, West Hollywood, everbody's in the entertainment business. Everybody works and makes money. There's a lot of money being made in entertainment., and people get paid salaries for doing it. Which they should. People in San Francisco should be getting lots of money for what they do. But the economy up there is so conservative. So you find that people get resigned to that and have this attitude like their whole future is playing in clubs.

Get this. You know Bill Graham that promoter? There's a lady who worked for him... a lady called Queenie Taylor. She was quoted in Bam magazine. They asked, "What do you suggest for the struggling musician to make it." I remember one quote from Queenie Taylor was, "Well, I say to these bands, don't quit your straight job." And then she told you what to do. But that's a funny attitude isn't it; "Don't quit your straight job." That's like a Northern California propaganda type of statement: Yeah keep your straight job so that us folks here at Bill Graham can keep taking your money away from you and you won't get too pissed about it 'cause you got a pay check coming in." I think here (LA), people have more of a thing where (they) are more demanding. You see these rock stars making all this money and you know the money's there so it's like, 'fuck you. I'm doing something, I'm unique, and I'm gonna get something for it. I deserve something for it.' Everybody supports each other, it's cool. There's a good atmosphere.., with money and everything. People help each other a lot with projects more down here. See, Northern California just has a certain attitude because they're not confronted with the reality that entertainment makes money. They don't see that. I know I didn't see it when I was up there. It's a total generalization but... Being on stage in San Francisco just sorta means a party. And it means girls and guys will think you're important, in a way. Not important but... In a lot of ways SF is superior to LA as far as a lack of stupidity about the whole thing, but it is like a social thing. It's not an ambitious thing. Here it's like building on something. Whereas up there it's for the moment, like smoke through a chimney and it's gone.

Have you found it here?

Found what?

What you wanted. What you think this scene holds more of – getting paid what you're worth. What do you get paid in SF when you play and do you get paid here?

I never get paid any place. I've never gotten paid a lot in SF or LA. It's all been just about the same. But, when you get paid the most is when you start traveling;. Like I got paid the most in New York and Texas. When you go some place and they want you there, they'll pay you. Whenever you're in your own town you never make a lot of money unless you're on some label or famous. It's funny cause I don't think anybody makes it big staying in their own town. You've gotta go out and 'local boy makes good,' and then you come back and then you can do big shows in your own town. If you stay here you have to do it for years and be some sort of cabaret entertainer. You can't make a lot of money.

Life here is so fucked in so many ways and that's the big hidden difference I didn't see when I moved down here. I was surprised how fucked life was.

In what ways?

Just day to day, people's attitudes, stupidity..

Driving down the street.

Walking down the street especially, taking the bus... It's awful compared to San Francisco; day to day life. *But*, that's what makes it good.

The aggression going into your music?

It's not aggression. Like look, look at Brad. (Brad Bohonus of WARWORLD) Brad's like my best friend, and we're doing music and stuff. When you have this grim reality it makes you appreciate the people around you who are good. Like in SF I never thought about the idea of supporting people or anything like that. It wasn't the idea. Helping each other out wasn't big in my mind. Here I just noticed that there's more of a really good hearted spirit, because... everybody in LA at one time or another just hits rock bottom. And when you hit bottom you just go 'I don't wanna be here ever again.' And, what's better is you look at other people and it gives you understand. It gives you a sympathy for the people.. Like Brad, we help each other out cause we're kinda both in the same boat. And we're not even doing the same kinda thing exactly. I always see things like, it's never going to be a perfect world; there's always things to change. And that's one thing I'll say that I like about here. I know a lot of people, Americans, who go to Europe. And it's like Europe is beautiful and they love it over there 'cause they're having such a good time. I want to have a good time too, but that seems sorta hollow to me. To just go to the place where you're going to have the best time... while the rest of the world goes to shit. LA is a shit hole and somebody needs to change it. I know so many intelligent, cool people, who want to move to SF. To me it's like 'No, stay here' don't be a chicken shit. Stay *here* and change this place.' Because there's so much crap that we need people here. One person can have a lot of influence.

We talk about his tiki multi-colored lights, and his girly-girl color posters that he made at CopyMat – looks pretty sexist and doesn't really fit his personality (or so I think – ?). The tape recorder stops without us noticing (always!).

O.k., so wait what did we miss. Gggooodd!

Lou Reed's epileptic fit. We were talking about playing gigs and where I want to take it or something.

Yeah, o.k. You were talking about your live performance – how you wanted to overhaul it.

No one has a place to play right now, so I want to do a overhaul of MY SIN and really change it around to where it's a little more stripped down but more improvised too. But on the other hand it's hard. I need a lot of time and money to really develop. You get in this weird vicious circle, a Catch-22, where there's no place to play, so why should you spend the time on it. I'd rather spend the time on tapes, and I hate that but none of us have a place to play.

Do you find that you just keep making music, music, and then you're like "But, nobody's taking in my music."

But, there's nothing else.., I feel like there's nothing else.

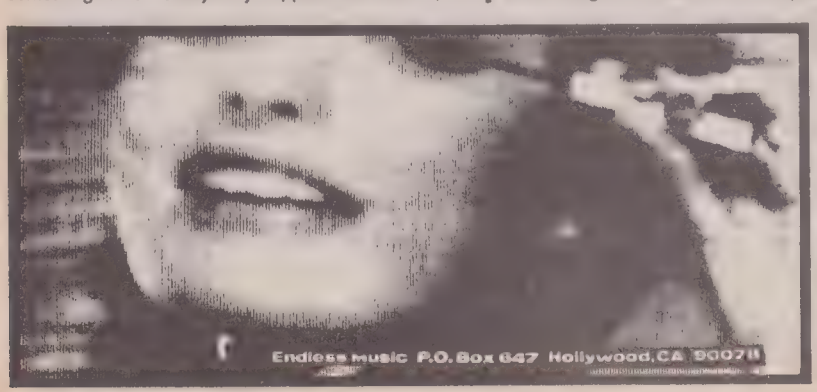
I can see where it might get so frustrating, cause you make music not only for yourself but to get other peoples opinions on it and to get them off on it.., to get them off on your trip.

Yeah, exactly.

You need the public feedback to get the energy back to do more. Do you have any ideas of working towards creating more places to do it (music), or can't you change where you're putting your energy towards?

Yeah, you could spend every waking hour working, sleeping, and it would still be a struggle. Then you try to do something creative like doing tapes, and then the live thing on top of that is just about it. It's just about all I can do. Doing it alone anyway. If I played with other people it would be easier, but even then you've gotta hustle so much. I have to draw the line, I mean I can't even get involved in that, I'd like to because... You look in Bam Magazine, you see all those morons in there, all those haystack-headed fools, all those guitarist institute grads, all the stupid idiots... It has to reach a saturation point. I know it's *seems* like it reached a saturation point maybe 10 years ago, but there's got to be a saturation point some time...

The whole world is up against LA. That's the reality. You don't see movies getting financed in Seattle Washington. I mean, once in a blue moon, yeah. But, the money and the whole thing is centralized here. Record industry people don't have a need to leave town. They



just stay here, why not. Why should they go out of town? They might go out of town and check some things out. But you know, for every one band, or act, that gets signed some place else in the world, there's nine others who come from here (LA). And the whole mentality is centralized here, that's the point. If the whole mentality is centralized here, you kinda have an obligation, to try... People who are centralized in Dallas, they maybe effect people who are in Dallas. People in SF affect people in SF. But, the big media here in LA effects everybody all over the world. And what they're doing stinks. What they're doing sucks.

Well, how do you think you're going to be able to change or influence that?

I'm sorta just putting my head on the cutting (shaving???) block. I'm sacrificing my whole trip, just to shed some kinda light... Yeah, I know about the reality. I mean I'm not sitting here thinking, yeah man, any day a lot of these assholes are gonna all of a sudden... But, I can try...

You know, I'm trying to work with different people now. I thought it was really cool, the last place I was working – CopyMat. I was working around a lot of these guys from different parts of the country. People from the valley, people from suburbia, people who don't get exposed to a lot of things. They came to Hollywood to make it in a metal band or something. They'd hear my tapes and laugh and say, "What is that" and they'd buy it from me. And that felt totally good. That these guys are saying, "Well, maybe I don't have to do this one certain kind of thing, maybe there are a lot of different tastes, a lot of different experiences in the world. Maybe I don't have to watch MTV and think that's the whole deal right there."

Stan tries to commit hari-kari by screwing the corkscrew in his navel. I say, "You might as well do it screwing something." He says, "Yeah, good way to go."

Um, well, we didn't even talk about MY SIN that much, I guess. How do you make your music?

Yeah, thats good, because most people don't know what the hell I'm doing.

Like I was asking how do you sing those parts. Well, you don't have a studio, and you're fully aggressive and yelling, it's very loud, or it seems loud.

Yeah, I wait 'til my neighbors are at work. That's one good thing about keeping strange hours, is that you can do your vocals while nobody's around. But I do them here, you've gotta get a well insulated apartment.

Well insulated? Oh, that's what the pictures are for (referring to the naked lady (silicon boobie) pictures). What are the instruments that you are using? or what do you know how to play? and what do you just pretend you know how to play?

I don't think it's healthy to be a virtuoso in any one instrument. Like, *'this* is my thing.' That's one thing I learned a lot about, being in San Francisco, I was around a lot of musicians. I had a rehearsal studio in this complex with all these different people going in and out and jamming with each other and stuff, and they' were all sorta punk...

Your stuff was a little more hardcore back then? It had more of that accent in it?

Well, no, not when I was in SF. It changed *after* that. The stuff I was doing in SF was just sorta weird. It wasn't really like what I'm doing now, on tapes. But, what I was going to say was there were these people around, and one of the things that's good about SF not being very professional and not having a lot of money in it is that people just sorta get into it. They just drift into it. A lot of times people here don't just drift into doing music, they tend to want to get good at it before they try anything. In SF it's more like, 'oh yeah, I just picked up a bass today. I went to Hot Shot and bought a bass for $30, and I'm learning how to play it and I'm in a band now.' (Ha) And that was cool, I would see these people just play and they would have no... I mean I always tried to learn how to play my instrument. I was a total dork you know. I was learning *how* to play music.

Like you take ten people and you put a bass in their hands and, if they don't *try* and learn how to play it, they'll all play totally differently. If they try and learn to play the bass, they'll all probably play the same. You know what I mean. So, I learned a lot from that. Now when I pick up an instrument, sometimes I try.., I find that I know more about music than I want to. And I don't want to *know* what keys are. Because when I close my eyes and put my hands on the keyboard, it's much better. And I can just get into, 'Wow, this sound is neat right here, yeah." As opposed to, "Well, how am I going to do this one." Whenever I have that attitude it's no good. So that's why I try not to be good at any one instrument. That's why I like the computer because, I just have *sounds*. This thing will make these kinda sounds, this will make these kinda sounds. So, I can just type in what I want.

What kind of computer is it?

It's just a sequencer really.

And where do you get your sounds from? You just record them?

You just program the synthesizers. It's all MIDI, you know. I use the keyboard to program the computer.

Do you use regular instruments as well?

No, I don't think I've used any acoustic. I don't think I've used any non-synthesizers since I've been recording

things. Oh, I use video. I'll use sounds of instruments off of a movie or something.

You never use real drums?

I always use a drum machine.

(He quotes some friend of his that said even live drums – once recorded – are still *recorded*. Making them equal to the recorded sounds of drum machines and the like). *We talk to a french cat. La petite chatte noire.*

You want to talk about the people you're working with now?

I'm working with Brad. I did that song on "All the Pussy You Want in a Dodge," with a guy named Carl Snarl, who called up my answering machine. So, I told him, 'O.k., I want to do some more tapes, so just feel free to call up my machine and leave other abusive messages.' So, he did and then Brad came over one night with his sampler and we just started making noise. He calls and started rambling about his new band called "STANDARD AMERICAN DIET." So, I just figured that that's what we – me and Brad – would be called. So, this new tape is me and Brad, with Carl Snarl on vocals, but the vocals are all via the phone. And then there's a girl named Carla, and I'm trying to get this shit together with her. I really wanna work with girls.., I've been looking to work with girl singer/writers, whatever. To do all the music behind and they do something over it. I've got some stuff in the mail, from people who've mailed in. That project might end up being a compilation.

What other things do you have coming up?

Well, there are two MY SIN tapes which have yet to come out.

Two? Are they selling well? or how are they going and where do they go best? Do you get air play?

Yeah, I get air play on KXLU. And some places in the country.., there are very few places that'll play cassettes anymore. I mean, on a regular basis. It's really tough, you can't even gauge it, it's totally off the map; as far as being able to tell how many you sell where.

Do you have a distributor?

No. There's no network for cassettes. Which is probably good. I'm probably glad that there's no network, cause if there was a network that would probably mean it was a stale and boring format. I mean, I don't wanna be like sour grapes about it... I don't have a formula for what I'm trying to do. But, in a way, that's the point. That I don't really like anything that has a formula. You can't break new ground when there's a formula. Like, it's so funny that people always tell me, they like what I do. They'll say, "You should send your stuff to *Homestead Records*." And I'm like 'What, what is that?' That's the independent record label cancer shit, you know. Those people aren't going to support anything interesting. I mean, they're dealing with college music, CMJ.

Have you tried to get in on any independents that you feel are covering things like..?

There aren't any. Who? Who is? Who is cool? Who is a cool independent label?

I mean they all do have their own scene, but is it just because you don't feel like you fit in?

It's closed. Tell me where I fit in with anybody. I don't fit in with anybody.

Some have suggested like a Wax Trax thing, but then you're not...

They told me to kiss their ass. They don't... and I think they're crazy. That's the closest, you're right. But Wax Trax deals with disco, they're into track music and they're into...

Yes, I can't listen to half that (disco) shit.

I have some FRONT 242 CD's of theirs – they're shit. A lot of people tell me, "Oh, FRONT 242, you should do something like them." Any time anybody tells me that, I say 'Great, lay it on me, I'll check it out.' I'm just like *why* do people think that I... How can you listen to "Boog Powell" and then say that FRONT 242...

It is disco, it's just another form so that they don't have to say that *it's disco*, and they can like it.

And it's still.., they (WT) chart records on Billboards dance tracks, Dance Hot Hundred. I like them just because they're into artists who work a little bit differently, like use sorta different instruments and stuff. And that's the only reason I like them.

I like their touch of industrial, and when they go off on that...

Yeah.

But, the bands (individually) who go from the industrial to the disco thing, that's the part I don't like. But, of saying what you *may* fit into, there's a chance you could fit in there, of course it's still a little bit off.

Yeah, that's the problem, you start looking.., that there is no place you fit into. And that's kinda what I'm talking about. Well, I don't fit in. I don't try self-consciously to not fit in. I'm not proud either way. And not fitting in isn't even something in my world. I don't think of a person like 'He doesn't fit with me' or whatever.., I'm either interested or I'm not. But in the world of music, fitting in is everything. Right now. And hopefully something will happen that it'll change. I think that people, like I said before, people can't help but get bored with that framework. That framework of *'oh, fit in. "Yeah our label... We hire...'* It's so funny when you hear these people at independent labels talk about their acts and stuff like, "Oh, we really like to support... Oh, our bands are so original... Oh blah, blah, blah, blah, blah..." Oh, really! They're so original huh!

Then why do they all sound the same.

Yeah. You ask, 'What kind of bands are they?' And they can tell you. They can tell you what kind of bands they are. If you can tell me what kind of bands they are how can you call them original?

THE END

FRESHLY WRAPPED CANDIES

MUSICIANS: Wade and Roz, and Chris via *Ben Is Dead* Satellite hook-up
VIDEO ARTISTS: Marsha and Radames (in the studio)
INTERROGATORS: Rush Riddle and Jack Marquette, assisted by Darby (the living Darby) and Michael Sheppard.
DATE: February 10, 1990
LOCATION: Marsha & Radames' apartment, LA, U.S.A.

RADAMES: Chris kind of just called me and said he has to sleep, his school.
MARSHA: He's so wiped out.
RUSH: He looks kind of wiped out. He reminds me of Charles Grodin with asthma, with that kind of stare, it's really wonderful.
ROZ: He's always like that.
RUSH: I don't have any prepared questions, so I think we should get all liquored up...
JACK: Yeah. How'd the band begin?
RUSH: Who's the guitar player, who's the drummer, the bass player... do you consider yourselves a musical group, a performance art group, do you like labels, or do you avoid them, would you like to play with GUNS 'N ROSES?
ROZ: I want to play with anybody who draws a larger audience than we do.
As far as what we play, it's easier to say what we don't play. I don't play any drums. I don't play bass guitar.
RUSH: I notice, Wade, you played the ax the other night. I was expecting you to swing it like a woodsman.
ROZ: We need a sledgehammer.
WADE: Well, my ax guitar was for a specific song, that didn't have any swinging in it.
RUSH: Did you invent that instrument, or steal the idea?
WADE: Well, yes, it was a little bit of a steal. You may have seen these KISS guitars, in the shape of a big ax, signed and numbered. From there it was kind of obvious what to do with this ax.
RUSH: Next, the Freshly Wrapped Candies signed and numbered ax. . .The group is really five people, these guys do the video?
WADE: Yeah, the musical group started playing in 1984 in this configuration, and we met up with Radames and Marsha in '86 at a 4th of July *Theoretical.*
MARSHA: It was that big one, it was downtown.
JACK: Yes, In Chinatown. The one that we were held up at gunpoint.
MARSHA: We saw you and we contacted you shortly after that. You played at sunset. We were just hypnotized. What was the location?
JACK: A parking lot on North Main, outside. Free fireworks show at Dodger Stadium.
MARSHA: And what's-his-name did the flaming. . .
JACK: Brett Olstone attempted to fly.
MARSHA: Flaming canoes, flying across. . .
RADAMES: wires.
MARSHA: Across the parking lot. The whole night was really tribal.
RADAMES: The PARTY BOYS and GLENN MEADMORE.
MARSHA: They built their own stage. Glenn Meadmore had a completely lit up lobster. That Jim Van Tyne thing.
JACK: It wouldn't be Glenn without a lobster.
RUSH: Do you have an agenda of future shows, or do you just play it one at a time, and wait for the big bucks. Are you ambitious about doing a lot more shows?
MARSHA: Every show's different.
RADAMES: And every show's ambitious.
MARSHA: And most shows have a theme. We've done a lot of shows on or near a holiday.
RUSH: So this was Presidents Day?
MARSHA: This was actually a kind of themeless show. We've had 4th of July shows, and Halloween shows, a couple of them.
RUSH: When I saw the last show, I wanted to see a big wall of t.v. monitors.
RADAMES: Me too.
RUSH: Have you actually done that?
MARSHA: Yeah, that happened at the Kennel Club in San Francisco, the whole rear of the stage was a giant projector. They had two, one on the rear backdrop, and one on the left wall. We had two monitors on either side of the stage on pedestals. We had a stack of three monitors that were integrated into Chris's Cosmopolitan Drum Set, and then a 27" that was being moved around, so basically they were swimming in video.
RUSH: YOU mean there was somebody holding it?

MARSHA: Yeah.
RADAMES: Wade did.
RUSH: What was the gizmo you strapped on the other night?
ROZ: That was a digital delay.
MARSHA: That's her ax.
RUSH: Just on your voice?
ROZ: I can run my keyboard through it, or my guitar. Normally we just run the headset right through that.
RADAMES: At one time Roz had two things.
ROZ: I did have a harmonizer. It was not in the set this time.
RUSH: I Thought this was the Slaughtering of Little Cinderblock Sheep With Sledgehammer Show.
MARSHA: Assisted by two musclemen.
RUSH: Yeah, beefboys.
MARSHA: Who were very popular.
ROZ: They're cute, aren't they?
RUSH: You basically have three people performing on stage and two people doing video.
WADE: Yeah. We have had Radames and Marsha on stage with us once. It's a thing we'd like to do more of.
ROZ: It's really nice having Marsha be mobile with the camera, she can get right in there, with the close-ups.
RUSH: Now how many cameras do you work with?
MARSHA: We just work with one camera.
RADAMES: The really exciting thing about blending the music and the video is that the band is beginning to work off the video, and if they have a monitor on stage, they can see what's happening, they can do things that interact. We would like to be on stage doing something that is semi-performance, semi-technical, that also blends together. That's where we're headed.
MARSHA: Yet without disturbing the delicate balance of the three of them. They have a great sort of ...dramatic tension, with a lot of humor, and it's very subtle the stuff that they do, and so it's real hard for somebody else to enter into that without disturbing that.
RUSH: Is there a message, or point of view, or political or other kind of statement being made, or is this sheer entertainment?
JACK: He wants the band's Credo.
WADE: We do kind of shy away from trying to explain ourselves. We want people to make up their own minds, but I can say that what we are doing is trying to bring extremes together, and fluctuate from extremes. It's just our experience in life. We like to take guttural sounds and make something sweet out of it. And then do something really chaotic and then something with extreme order in hopes of letting everybody see the oneness of everything, even though it's really so far apart, it's really part of the same thing. All it is, when you really get down to it, we just want to entertain, we just want to make people happy when they walk away.
ROZ: I want them to feel good. I like making people feel good. When they feel good, I feel good.
MARSHA: But sometimes... I feel the band can be very provocative, even confrontational, where the band is definitely trying to stir things up. It can't always be predicted how the people will respond. Sometimes people get angry, sometimes they shout out, sometimes they throw things...
RUSH: That was my next question. Do you respond, do you change your program to deal with them?
WADE: We often welcome this type of behavior. We like it, to get involved with the audience and put aside what we had planned to do and have something real, now, happening right there. Generally it takes us to a very pleasant place. Whatever the confrontation, people are happy afterwards.
MARSHA: It's cathartic.

RUSH: You did have that participatory fight after the show.
ROZ: We thought that was a direct result of the experiment we did with that wall.
RUSH: At first you were playing the wall. You'd hit a hammer and hear a sound.
WADE: Right.
{Darby and Michael arrive.}
{Cork pops.}
RUSH: Did you have a contact mic on the wall?
WADE: Just the mic that was on stage.
RADAMES: In the past...
WADE: We've had contact mics in the past to give more of a sound of exactly what's happening...
RADAMES: On concrete, on vegetables...
MARSHA: Inside refrigerators...
RADAMES: On fruit...
WADE: Watermelons
RADAMES: Pumpkins
RUSH: Are you a messy band?
WADE: We've been pretty messy.
RUSH: And promoters still like you?
MARSHA: Oh, we always clean up.
WADE: Yes, nobody's had any complaints.
ROZ: One time they refused to pay us until we were done. We'd used a lot of latex paint. The audience got into it, and as they were leaving they tracked it on the carpet in the entryway. She withheld our pay until we cleaned it up, which we did.
MARSHA: The thing was they had just laid that carpet.
RUSH: You were talking earlier that you tried something different this time where you didn't have music going on...
WADE: Normally what we do resolves itself. We start into something that has no explanation at the beginning, generally we take it around and it has a nice resolution, then even go right into something else.
ROZ: We'd like people to be very comfortable. No one wants to stand up.
RUSH: Get a bunch of sofas.
MARSHA: Hey, we can do dinner theater.
RUSH: Vegas
JACK: I have a dumb question. Who made up the name?
ROZ: Wade made it up.
WADE: Well, that's another one of those ones...
RUSH: *Ben Is Dead* is going to get to the bottom of this!
WADE: We had gone down into Mexico to spend some time together. We had been trying to think of a name and a concept and during that time there were all sorts of names like 'Vixen'...
JACK: 'Grandpa's Become A Fungus'
RUSH: 'Severed Head In A Bag'
WADE: Dark and depressing names, and we wanted to be... happy. You talk about stealing things, there's this record parody of Mr. Rogers called Mr. Roberts. He's asking this bass player what he imagines when he's playing the bass. "Do you see images of nice candies, and sheep jumping over a fence?" It just seemed right. We drew a little picture of a sheep in the sand and it looked correct.
ROZ: We drew those symbols. They just all came at once.
WADE: There is some truth to those letters, though. If you look at them, one is kind of like an "F", and one is kind of like a "G", and F and G are the sixth and seventh letters on the alphabet and Freshly Wrapped Candies are six, six, and seven letters long.

Photo: Mirakel

JACK: Gulp.
DARBY: Wow.
RUSH: So heavy.
WADE: Cosmic. And this was just rehearsal. So a lot of the concepts come from the audience.
DARBY: What's the state of the band right now?
MICHAEL: Is it true that two people are moving up north?

Photo: Mirakel

WADE: That's an truth to that whatsoever. There is a new studio space for the musical side of all of us, and that's in Oregon.
ROZ: Why Oregon? Because we could find a big space there. We don't have a lot of money and we need space.
DARBY: How do you get money in Oregon?
WADE: Well there's not a lot of money in Oregon actually.
RUSH: Do you have day jobs?

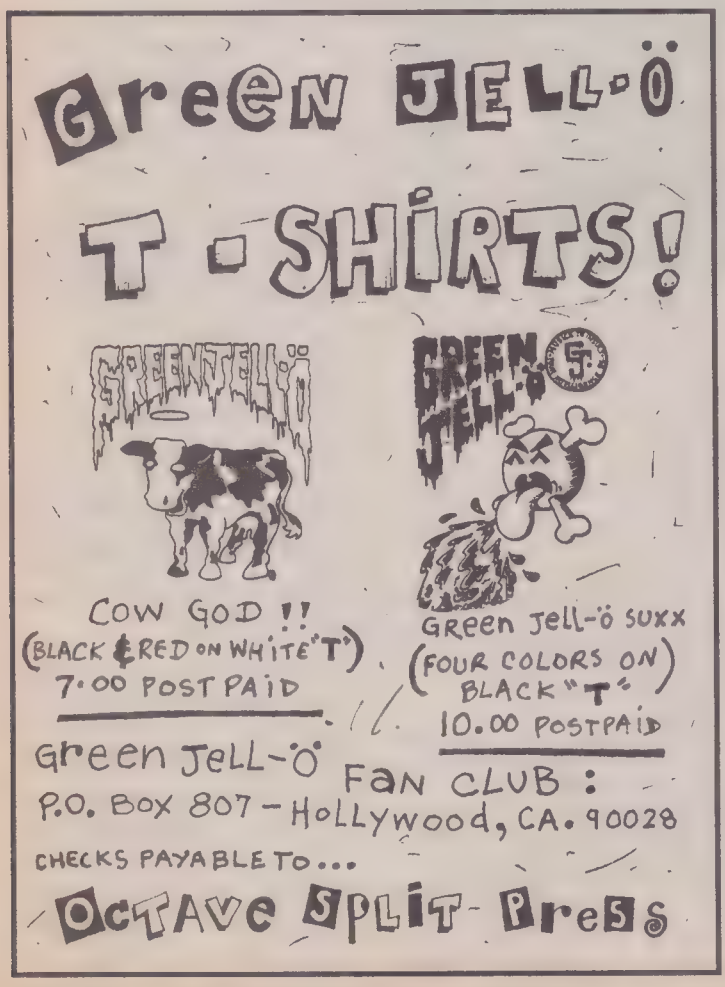
WADE: Chris goes to Pasadena Art Center. He will be coming up there to do our musical work.
MARSHA: And he'll be much closer because he's going to be living in San Francisco after art school.
ROZ: With our involvement in Ralph Records, it puts us in closer proximity to that too.
RADAMES: We're going to buy Satellite time for video.
MARSHA: And we're going to be moving out of L.A. too. We do a few shows a year. We'd like to tour Europe, we'd like to go to New York, because we do a few shows a year and they're special events, we don't have to be in the same place all the time.
DARBY: So you don't work on the video concepts with the music?
MARSHA: Yeah, we actually have jam sessions where we get together with them and work with things.
DARBY: Do you guys have anything to do with the music, or is it two separate things?
MARSHA: It's two separate things, but the reason we came together is because we had this tremendous affinity.
RUSH: Are you going to have any video out?
RADAMES: Yeah. We have a product out called "The Sheep Of Things To Come."
RUSH: And where can people get this?
RADAMES: It's available through Modern Visual Communications, 9016 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 200, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211.
MARSHA: One thing I think sould be mentioned, in keeping with the earlier question, "Does the band have a message?" I always hate it when I read an interview with a band that has some very profound things to say and the band says "Oh, no, we don't have anything to say, we're just having fun." I understand why everybody wants to say we just want everybody to have fun, but anybody who gets the record or the music, the CD or the video, if they look at the lyrics or if they listen to the lyrics, there's a lot being said. This band is, in their own way, very political, not in a sort of organized politics, but sort of personal politics. I think people should check out the lyrics.
RADAMES: I would like to say that when I first saw the band I felt really moved by what I saw and heard, there was a seamless transition from one piece to another and some kind of very profound, deep thing going on that I can't really put my finger on, it just spoke directly to my heart and soul, when I heard it. One time I described it to Wade (?) as – he really liked it – music to die to. It's a kind of transcendental sound and it takes you into a multi-lifetime point of view on things and that's the heart of the music to me, that's what inspired me to want to work with them.
MARSHA: There's a very contemporary, irreverent, thrust to it, although it's very reverent. It's irreverently reverent.
RADAMES: After that, you've just got to hear it, that's all.
MARSHA: We were watching this band open at sunset, play this show, and what I felt from watching it was like being inside of someone's dream. I was watching a dream being performed in front of me and I was being brought into that dream.
WADE: I Think they put it pretty good. I think we have a hard time describing it. If you can put it into words, why have music?

Freshly Wrapped Candies

ROZ: We would be writers then.
WADE: What we do with the music is really our way of describing how we feel about things in general, so it's difficult to step back and describe how we feel about the music.
ROZ: It makes me happy for them to be here and say this, because it is true what they say. I do what I do because it's all I can do.
MARSHA: Roz is a very good painter too.
ROZ: Well, I would say that about my paintings, too. I paint this because it's the only way I can. Boy, if I could sing and play like Bon Jovi and make a million bucks, I would make a million bucks, but I can't do that.
RADAMES: If accountants at the record companies were more open minded, they could see the gold mine that is Freshly Wrapped Candies.
RUSH: I think there's always a danger when you interject money into the equation.
ROZ: Awww noooo...
RUSH: Well...
ROZ: Of course it changes, but we're so limited by costs, if we had money, I have all these ideas, but we can't do them because we don't have money.
MARSHA: We want to be able to do our art, and travel with it, expose it to other people. It's not like we want money so we can all have homes in Beverly Hills with swimming pools.
RUSH: Fast cars, serious drug habits...
RADAMES: I want a fast station wagon. Maybe somebody is reading this interview who had a lot of money...
DARBY: What's that address?
RUSH: My address is...
DARBY: And my address is...
WADE: Oh gee, we've changed it. Uh, 701 Lindaraxa Park North, Alhambra Ca., 91804
[Jack offers the band a show at L.A.C.E. on Mother's Day. Radames calls Chris on the phone to tell him]
RADAMES: Chris, we woke you up because we have a question. What do you thing of doing a Mother's Day show.
CHRIS: What's the date?
RADAMES: It's the 13th of May.
CHRIS: Do we have to decide.
WADE: Radames just wanted to wake you up.
CHRIS: Huh?
RADAMES: Well, okay, Chris, is there anything you'd like to say?
CHRIS: No, not particularly.
DARBY: How's school going?
CHRIS: Ooohhhaaaurrrggh. Pretty well today, I'm falling behind in almost everything. It's almost impossible to stay up on everything.
RUSH: You need roadies.
CHRIS: I need a staff.
RUSH: If anyone would like to join Chris's staff to finish school, he can be reached at... hit it, Chris...
CHRIS: At home.
DARBY: That weird kind of expression you had on stage, is that just a lack of sleep or was that really what was happening or..?
CHRIS: Which weird expression?
RUSH: You probably don't know it.
DARBY: I guess you answered.
RADAMES: Bye Chris, thanks a lot.
DARBY: I wanted to know who makes the costumes?
ROZ: I make them, anything that is beyond me, as far as seamstress goes, my Mom makes, because I'm not very good at sewing.
RUSH: Did you have a background before this band? Or did it just spring from your heads one day?
WADE: Chris and I were in a band before, high school dance band. That was before we had any idea we could do what we wanted as opposed to what was done.
RUSH: That's a very big point. More people need to do that.
MARSHA: I take exception to that. A lot of people are natural conformists. They don't want to do anything unique. They don't have that need. Roz made the point earlier that FWC are doing what they do because that's who they are. You can't go up to a regular Joe or Jill "Hey, go out there and do something real different." It's not in their make-up. It really comes out of the person who is a little unique to begin with.
RADAMES: Or if they try, it's forced.
RUSH: Would you sell beer if they gave it to you.
DARBY: Or workout gyms.
WADE: If it enabled us to tour and get what we do to people, and at least break even, we would do it.
RADAMES: But there would be no video.
WADE: You wouldn't do it?
MARSHA: No, we wouldn't do it.
ROZ: Well then we couldn't do it, because we do what they do.
WADE: Then we couldn't do it.
RUSH: A unified front.
RADAMES: We're heavily opposed to beer commercials. FWC is a gem with five facets. You take one facet away, it is no longer a gem.
RUSH: Dude.
MICHAEL: What is it then?
MARSHA: A cheap piece of glass.
ROZ: That was nice, Radames, do you think about these things?
RADAMES: All the time.
RUSH: Okay, we're turning the mood lighting down.
MICHAEL: Do you want me to transcribe this stuff?
RUSH: No, I'll do it.

SUBMITTED FOR YOUR APPROVAL BY:
RUSH RIDDLE, 1204 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Ca. 90007, (213) 748-7546

FRESHLY WRAPPED CANDIES WILL BE APPEARING AT L.A.C.E. GALLERY, IN DOWNTOWN L.A., MAY 12TH & 13TH. CALL FOR MORE INFORMATION.



This is Wreckage. Vocals – Tony Lestat, Guitar – Killjoe, Guitar – Michael Toxin, Bass – Bill E. Bones, Drums – Zambo (not present).

D: Alright. First question. And we'll go around the circle. It's very important.

Ben: You have to say your name before you talk.

D: It doesn't matter. We can write them all down later.

(Fran the transcriber says: 'Yeah right.... like I know who's talking.')

D: What kind of toothpaste do you use?

B: Are you serious?

D: We're breaking the ice to get familiar.

T: Tartar Control Crest Gel.

D: This is Tony. This is Tony's voice.

T: This is Tony. Tony-the-??. Hi. I use Crest Gel.

B: I use original formula Crest. This is Billy Bones by the way.

M: I'm Michael Toxin. I use regular Crest. Tartar Control Crest tastes like shit.

K: This is Kill Joe. It doesn't matter what kind of toothpaste I use. Right now I'm using Gleam but I miss my Kids Crest.., a lot.

M: Is that the one with the sprinkles.

K: Yeah, it tastes like bubble gum.

M: It's cool.

D: Gleam doesn't have fluoride?

K: Probably not. I don't know.

? Gleam is approved by the American Dental Association.

D: Tell us the Truth. How many times have you called KXLU to request your own single. Be honest.

T: Ooo, I don't remember now.

B: I guess how many different voices we use would be a better question.

D: Well.., how's the band doing right now?

T: It's going pretty well, actually. Despite the changes in line-up, which seem to happen quite a lot. We've been writing a lot of new songs in the last couple of months, and we start playing again in March. We're going to have, pretty much, at least half of a new set.

B: Actually this is probably the purest form of the band we've ever had. In terms of the music we're writing now, and what we're putting across, this is like the closest we've ever gotten and probably we'll ever get to really what we're about - what we're trying to do.

D: What are you about? What are you trying to do?

B: Oh, that' could be fun. What we're about, well... a lot of reviews and stuff have pigeon-holed us into a '77 punk rock thing, which is cool, 'cause a lot of us really have a background in that. Most of our previous bands were more hardcore and peace-punk-based, actually. We all have like many different background with our bands and it adds a really different sound to what we're doing. We still are keeping a hard edge to the stuff, you know, still having stuff people can really get into, more punk-rock based stuff. In others we like doing more "atmospheric," Gothic-based stuff also – not to use the term as a labe – but it's just an influence in what we're doing.

(Discussion about who they've been compared to in reviews: The Damned, Sham 69, Stiff Little Fingers, Replacements, Paul Weller, Killing Joke, 45 Grave...)

D: So what does playing in a band do for you?

T: Let's start this way and go around.

M: Yeah, start with Kill Joe.

K: What does it do for me. Well, it lets me be where I want to be. 50% feminist and 50% (insane?).

D: Meaning that if you're in a band you can be more free to be that?

K: Yeah.

D: All the time, or just when you're on stage.

K: Actually, all the time. I'm always living my music.

D: So, what does it do for you?

M: Um, it makes me really happy; it gives me a good excuse to do this with my upbringing (?)... It just makes me really happy.

D: It has to be more than that. Aren't you saving people's lives or something? Come on, something!

Ben: Drink and do drugs...

M: I don't really do that many drugs... I drink. I DID do a lot of drugs for awhile.

?: That's where he got the last name.

M: Yeah, Michael Toxin. I'm too scared if I do a lot more drugs...

D: Well, you don't need to do drugs here. They're all like, kinda free. You get 'em in the air and in your food.

M: That's true, maybe in Los Angeles.

?: Where the weather is not only so thick you can see it but you can chew it too...

M: But then I'll walk away from the Chinese food place if they use MSG. And as far as playing music, it beats...

D: Picking your nose.

M: Yeah, it beats picking your nose. At least being in this band I'm happier than I was at MI.

D: You were what?

M: At Musician's Institute. GIT.

D: My god! Why did you go to the guitar institute?

M: Well, I was living in New York at the time...

D: Was it like some L.A. dream..?

K: He didn't know the Hollywood concept behind it.

D: Oh. What was it like? Tell us the inside story.

M: Um, I really didn't want to be a studio musician, and I didn't want to be in a glam band on Sunset, so... Also, I wasn't really accepted. I was really hated.

D: Really? Why? Did you feel pressure to like, grow your hair longer?

M: Um, God, my hair was actually shorter, but even putting my hair up and wearing white pancake and all black, they totally reject you... So I tried out for Wreckage and got in. It gave me a great excuse to go 'Later MI,' so I was happy.

T: Now leading a better life. He's completely reformed.

M: God, I really am. I still have my little binges of almost dying..

D: Almost dying?

M: Yeah, I did the old break dancing sequence on the freeway.

K: With a Bug.

M: Spinning on it's back for almost a quarter mile.

D: In a Bug!? Was there any music playing while this was happening?

M: Yeah. Oh god, you don't want to know.

B: Yeah she does.

M: O.k., THE SMITHS.

D: What song?

M: God, this is really scary, I think "Meat is Murder."

D: Now, do you remember the key words that he was singing right when it happened?

M: I think it was these buzz saw sounds and these cows going Mooo.

D: O.k. Go.

B: What did music do for me? Well... Tony and I put this together awhile ago, and more and more it's coming to the original idea of what we wanted it to be. And I'm finally getting to play the style of music that I've always been wanting to play and I'm totally free to do whatever I want to do. 'Cause it's just like when I was playing Hardcore, I was really into Hardcore, and playing that style of music *only*. When I was trying out with some other copy-style bands, I was just playing solid Gothic/Joy Division rehash sort of stuff, and it was just like totally getting to me that it was so limiting. With this, I get an equal amount of input as anybody else. I get to write what I feel and play live, and that's what I think I really get off on more than anything else is playing live.

Blab about how nothings happened with music for like the past 8 years. And how most bands just do what's been done before...

B: Yeah, at THIS given point from what our past is I would say that a lot of people could say that about us (and have). But where we're coming from now is just that we laid the ground base and we just got all familiar with each other as musician. At this point - so we're just trying to move forward and get it together as our own original thing as opposed to what's been done before.

(applause)

?: Give him a drink. Give the man a beer.

B: Can I go home now?

D: Yes.

T: Yeah, what was the question?

D: What do you eat for breakfast? God.

?: Vega-a-mite.

B: Oh god that is vile shit.

T: It's great.

? That's vile. VILE.

?: That's fucking engine de-greaser. Be serious.

D: What's veg-a-mite. If it's meat, don't tell me.

B: "What does being in a band do for you?"

T: I don't have to be honest. What does it do for me? It gives me a major...

D: Hard... on.

T: A mental hard-on, maybe. It gives me a major creative outlet. It's a way to like take ideas and put them across to an audience.

D: What ideas?

T: Concepts. Especially lyrically. When I, write lyrics, I try and put across a story to people. I don't necessarily believe in messages in music. I love the Clash - I think they're a great band and they had a lot to say, but that's not for me personally. I like the fact that I can sit down and tell a story in lyrics. A way to just basically put across my ideas, and visions and be able to present them. It gives me a way to go up there and like, come to the podium, so to speak. To be a speaker. And what I'm saying is something that's basically - it's got a message, but it's not an open message - I don't say "okay, you have to do this, you have to do that". I mean that's.....

?: Completely obvious.

T: Yeah. I just try to sort of put across people's feelings, and the feelings are mine but they also represent a lot of people's -for example on the single, "Subway's End", a friend of mine who wrote it with me basically came up with some good music and said "It's cool, let's put lyrics to it." I was gonna write something real poppy and I said "well, the song's ALREADY poppy." So, the lyrical content is basically pleading with people to be able to recognize the fact that there's a problem with homeless teenagers. The song' is about a girl who runs away from home, and the danger she's placed in on the street, and it comes off, if you don't really listen to it, as just real fun, pop/power pop, but you have to listen to the words, and as we know, most people don't listen to words when they listen to music. Of course it's great to be up there on stage - but more then anything, it's a way to put across my real feelings. Things I don't necessarily express as a person.

D: Why would you feel you're someone who should be expressing something about homelessness?

T: Why? Because it's something that people *should* think about. It matters. There's a lot of things in the world that *matter*, and...

D: Why do you feel that you're someone who can express your feelings on homelessness though?

T: You mean in the sense of just me?

D: I don't mean "what gives you the right," but I mean...

T: What inspires me to do so?

D: What would inspire someone to take that from you..?

T: Well, that's up to them. I mean if they - I mean people generally should be able to - I mean if they DO pay attention to the lyrics, should be able to listen to something and not READ meaning into it. They should be able to perceive a meaning. If they don't, fine. I'm just writing about some of my personal feelings. And all the lyrics aren't like that. I mean I've written lyrics that are just basically pretty Gothic fairy tales. Because that also makes me happy to do that. To tell a story. Happy ending or not. But once in a while I like to be able to sit down and put something I think people should hear about. And people don't seem to care about that enough.

K: Well that was a hell of a question.

B: Who's on first?

T: Yeah really.

K: I don't know.

Ben: Did you say you are going to have an album?

T: Okay, right now. We've had interest from various labels, but only one - I won't say right now - is actively pursuing us. If, for some reason, the deal doesn't go through, we'll do it ourselves and just try to get a distribution deal, because we want to have an album out by summer. I think at this point in the game we need to, because how many times can you listen to one single.

B: Plus, the single, it *is* it's just one, or really TWO facets of what we're about. It's so limiting to have just two songs out and to have us represented by that, because there's so much more to what we're doing.

T: Plus, "Subway's End" doesn't represent us that much anymore.

Check out Wreckage – if you get this in time – in the play "Theatre Des Vampires" which is running Thursday, March 29th through Sunday, April 1st. (They're in it on Fri. and Sat.) Call (213) 433-5972 for play info.

Also, they're on an upcoming Triple X CD of Ramones covers, in which Wreckage cover "I Wanna Live."

ALTERNATIVES - "Buzz" LP
Continuing experimentation on their third release, the ALTERNATIVES are full of surprises. An unpredictable mixture of jazz/rock/punk/psychedelia is the best way to describe it. There are five long instrumentals which means no vocals, none. At times it made me think of some of the lighter MEAT PUPPETS stuff and other times I got that way out there early PINK FLOYD feeling. Pretty loose and insane. *-Evan* (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)

BAD RELIGION - "No Control"
There's nothing new here. Same sound – with most of the songs sounding similar. Regardless, I do dig *that* sound *and* their songs. This is yet another quality LP. (Epitaph Recs., 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028)

BAD TOWN BOYS - "Borrowed Time" 7" EP
"Is it the DICKIES?" Not so, but if you like them it's a good bet the "BAD TOWN BOYS" could hit the appropriate nerves as well. Upbeat. *–Darby* (Dionysus ??)

BHANG REVIVAL - "Never Look Back" 7" EP
Three songs, one of them instrumental. Rock, plain and simple. Trashy and raw but not too original. The songs tend to get long and border on stadium rock at times. Nonetheless, "Never Look Back" is a spirited tune. Rock on, brothers and sisters. *-Blake* (Snake Eye Records, 3422 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60657)

BULIMIA BANQUET - "Party my Colon" LP
Having seen them live really gave me high expectations for this record. They have a loud, energetic stage show led by Jula's great vocal power. The record, however, didn't do much for me. I never heard "Eat Fats, Die Young," but this one is full of fast, garage-sounding songs mixed with a few ultra-silly ones. Highlights are "Bobo" and "No More." *-Ivy* (Flipside Records, P.O.Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608) ♦♦♦

CACTUS FOSSILS - 7" EP
Four songs and one instrumental. Upbeat and heavy (hardcore), with droned harmonized vocals. "No, YOU Listen," is a great sample of the possibilities. (Of course, we all "feel like an asshole" sometime or another... right?). *–Darby* (Flipside Inc. Recs.)

CEDAR ST. SLUTS - "Songs by Working Girls" LP
A few years ago GG ALLIN recorded five songs with a band called the CEDAR ST. SLUTS. At least three classics came out of these sessions one of which is a rock n' roll hall of fame song called "Sluts in the City." Those days are long gone, Jack. Now we have GG in jail and a new CEDAR ST. SLUTS bearing no relation to the original band except the name and the song. It's BLASPHEMY! This is a MENUDO-type concept band put together by *Black 'n Blue* kingpin Peter Yarmouth. He assembled the band and oversaw the recording of the record. Basically it's BANANARAMA for perverts.

These Sluts don't play instruments like the previous incarnation. Instead, we are treated to overly dramatic vocal roached voices and drum machines. GG's hard work raped and capitalized on. Save your dough for the french GG ALLIN "Dirty Love Songs" with the original Sluts. Accept no substitutes. *-Jaime* (Black and Blue Records, Suite 152, 400 D Putnam Pike, Smithfield, RI 02917)

CYCLIC AMP - "Happy Ending" C
Dark and heavy, a driving nightmarish spasm of anger. Much to contemplate and revel in, CYCLIC AMP has given birth to a mutated basement dweller that has much in common with the ALIEN SEX FIEND sound of years past. The similarities between the FIEND'S "You Smell Like Shit" and CYCLIC AMP'S "Ugly Thoughts" are not only uncanny, but reason enough to give this tape a listen. BE WARNED! Tape production is very muddled and not recommended for attempted play on cheap car radios. *-Specious* (Tumult, P.O. Box 3092, Orange CA 92665)

DRESDEN DANSE - 12" EP
I knew what this was going to be like when I saw the robot face on the cover with a tab of acid in its mouth. Now, if I were on acid, I think this hyperdelic, repetitive sound would send me on a bad trip. They let us know that every song was going to sound identical because each one has *beats per minute* listed underneath, and none of them go slower than 101. I could not bring myself to listen to the whole thing. *-Ivy* (Harvard Square/One Dimensional Records, P.O.Box 1926, Cambridge, MA 02238)

EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY - "Nihilist Olympics" LP
I'm sort of confused about this. The sides are labeled "then" and "now" and they both sound totally different. The "then" side is done in a predictable early English punk style complete with corny lyrics and group choruses. If it was old it would be one thing, but the record says "All songs 1985". If that's the case, this is really late, guys. The last song on the "then" side, "Think for Yourself," is very ska sounding, and isn't quite as laughable. The "now" side is simple power pop and is along the lines of OINGO BOINGO, THE CURE and especially XTC. Plus there is an instrumental with a lot of "yeahs" in it. *-Evan* (One Dimensional Records)

FAITH DEALERS - "Big Busty Beauties" LP
Pretty damn cool record here. 14 songs that lie in various places between the melodies of FUGAZI and the whacked-out sloppiness of SCRATCH ACID. Mostly medium tempo rock with a little funk, a lot of power, loads of silliness and tons of yelling. I can't really explain why, but I think "Who Taught you to Talk Like That" is a great song. *-Evan* (Limited Potential Records, P.O.Box 268586, Chicago, IL 60626)

FIDELITY JONES - "Piltdown Lad" EP
This 6-song EP is the debut vinyl from this new DC band featuring Tomas and Dug from BEEFEATER. This sounds a little like the BEEFEATER stuff with the hard edges rubbed out. It's loaded with funky bass and time changes, and one song may even have a ska influence. Although I didn't really dig it at first, it's steadily growing on me. I'm going to watch out for their next one. *-Evan* (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington D.C., 20007)

G.G. ALLIN - "E.M.F."
When I first heard this record I thought 'Forget This stupid, sexist, lame, pitiful piece of noise-shit!' After a third listen I still agree, but am slightly captured by the "Germs-ish" quality of the thrash tunes. Call me nostalgic. Comparisons to the MENTORS is inevitable. But

while I find the Mentors' gross, stupid, inane wrantings humorous and even occasionally witty, GG's lyrics are totally lame, red-neck, racist, sexist, dumb-shit bullshit. So GG Allin likes to get shitfaced, pick fights, whip out his dick and get thrown in jail. I guess that chalks him up with 90 percent of the other Dick-head, Macho-fuck puke for brains that waste our time and air.

The hawd-core, punk edge to this horribly recorded record is fun for a few minutes, but GG's whole "thing", of which I know very little, is well worth ignoring. Apparently GG Allen's life long goal is to get thrown in prison and die by his own or someone elses hands. What a lofty ambition. I hear it's pretty tough to get a REAL prison sentence these days. I get better entertainment from the REAL ex-cons bumming change and shooting death rockers out front of shows downtown, It only costs me 17 cents, and they can carry a tune a hell of a lot better, too. Don't waste your time or money. Buy NWA instead. *–Ethan Port* (Black & Blue Records)

GOTHIC HUT - "Show Me Your Belly" LP
It's sort of spacey, a little quirky and overall pretty light and mellow. There's ten well crafted tunes using all kinds of different instruments and arrangements. I dig the piano, bells and Marimba in "Almost But Not Yet." A lot of this is a little warped and sounds like Zappa meets THE RESIDENTS on a quiet afternoon. Ivy insists that the singer sounds exactly like MATT JOHNSON from THE THE. I just think this is creative and worthy of praise. *-Evan* (Show Me Records, P.O. Box 71862, L.A., CA 90071)

THAT'S MARILYN ON THE CREDITS PAGE. ALSO, THANK YOU TO AL FOR BEING SO FRIENDLY W/ HIS HALFTONE MACHINE!

GREENHOUSE EFFECT - Demo C
GE might make a tolerable heavy metal record if they weren't so tight-assed. They've got the recycled licks, "complicated" arrangements, and some admittedly neato harmonies. They've also got atrociously wanky lead guitar of the incompetent Satriani variety that makes me want to turn the damn thing off altogether. Which I think I will. -*Bob Lee* (251 Paseo De Gracia, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

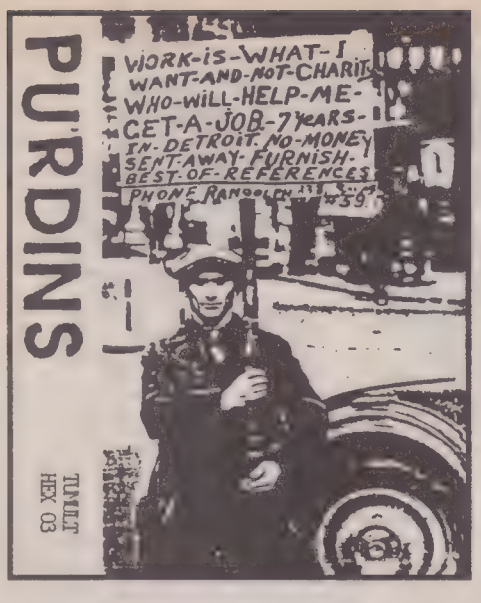
RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS - "Funhunt"
Live at CBGB's and Max's Kansas City 1978-79"
Imagine my surprise upon learning that the editor of this very mag had never even HEARD of RICHARD HELL- I always thought the Voidoids were required listening for "punx", like THE STOOGES, or THE DICTATORS or like that. *(O.K., I'll kill myself now -Drby)* No matter, time to catch up. Buy this tape, not just for a history lesson but because it kills 99% of what passes for "alternative" music these days. Hell and company were the link between punk rock (drummer Marc Bell, later Marky Ramone) and nu-wave noise (guitarist Robert Quine), and the feeding ground for MISSION OF BURMA, the MINUTEMEN, and assorted squall-rockers. Get it. Get off. -*Bob Lee* (Roir Cassettes or Reachout (?), 611 Broadway, #411, NYC, NY 10012)

HARD-ONS - "Love is a Battlefield of Wounded Hearts"
Pop-metal-punk from Australia with a good dose of humor. The more pop songs remind me of the way the DESCENDENTS approached the whole "I love you baby" thing. But the music is really solid and tight. The rest of the record is heavy riff chunka-chunka metal without going to speed metal hell except in a few spots. The instrumental "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" and "Kill Your Mum" are the best cuts. The cover art is pretty weird and is credited to the band so I guess they draw too. -*Evan* (Taang Records, P.O. Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

HELICOPTER - 7" EP
The lead singer for this band stops in the middle of almost every word on these two songs. I guess he thinks its cool and dramatic. Though the music is ok, this band kinda sounds like a cross between FRANK SINATRA and RICHARD MARX (and Ivy says a little bit of jazz from somewhere). -*Ker/Liz* (Downside Records, 2015 Garnett Ave. #5756, San Diego, CA 92109)

INSULIN REACTION - "NOW!" LP
Though this band does have talent, the album was, nevertheless, boring. The songs kept the same beat and the vocals were pretty monotonous. BUT, we flipped this over (it came on a one sided cassette) and listened to it backwards and it was really good! -*Ker/Liz* (PO Box 3636, Covina, CA 91722)

JERRY'S KIDS - "Kill Kill Kill" LP
Punk-thrash-metal very much in the same vein as fellow Bostonia GANG GREEN. This is very guitar heavy stuff with a mixture of tempos and styles. I've always liked surf guitar and on "Spymaster" they combine this with thrash-metal for an original and cool song. "Satan Toy" is really loud crunchy-feedback laden song with the vocals being provided by obnoxious TV preachers begging for money. 13 songs altogether including a new version of "Machine Gun" that they did on the "Unsafe at Any Speed" comp around 1981. -*Evan* (Taang Records)



decent piece of vinyl. -*Kerin* (Trigon Records, 6837 Hanna Ave., Canoga Park, Ca 91303)

THE KINGS OF OBLIVION - 7" EP
"Gotta Love Me", the A side of this single, has loud guitars, good vocals and is leaning more towards rock than anything else. Both songs on the B side are good too, with the singer's vocals sounding less harsh than on the flip side. -*Kerin* (Dionysus Records)

KEITH LEVENE - "Violent Opposition" LP
The label says "First official release since his controversial departure from P.I.L." That's quite a buildup for this record which should have been good, but isn't. Lots of L.A. rock stars on this including NORWOOD FISHBONE who does a pretty amazing job being JIMI HENDRIX on a cover of "If Six Was Nine". On the whole, this record is disjointed with funk songs, rock songs, some bad drum machine disco-for-the-90's songs, and a couple sorry attempts at reggae on keyboards and drum machines. The cover of "Cold Turkey", and the dirge-like "2011" are the best cuts here. -*Evan* (Taang Records, P.O.Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT - "Alive" 4 song EP
Something like psych, grunge rock and the DOORS (That keyboard!!!). The songs seem diverse and hard enough, if these styles suit you. Weak recording on side two. -*Darby* (Dionysus Records)

MELVINS - "Ozma" LP
If BLACK SABBATH took a bunch of downers and recorded a record, this would be the product. OZMA is really heavy, with tricky time and mega-slow Sub Pop guitar sound dominating every song. I kept waiting for the song to speed up and be like METALLICA or something, but it never happened. The whole record is great, but "Vile," "At a Crawl," and "Let God be your Gardener" really made me want to drag my face on the pavement. -*Ivy* (Boner Records, P.O.Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702)

THE JONESES - "Tits and Champagne" LP
The title cut has bluesy piano – It's sound is a kind of glam rock mixed with punk. (The song is pretty good, though the lyrics are so fucking sexist I could puke). "Your Cheatin' Heart" is lame. " Bad Attitude" sounds almost exactly like THE RAMONES., and is pretty good. A

M.D.C. - "Metal Devil Cokes" LP
A general hardcore sound, good songs, though the lyrics are payed stronger concentration (at least on record they are). Either I didn't get it or lost the lyric sheet, but they're still focused on politics. Some extra special tunes – I found – were "Tofu Spaghetti" – which was basically a recipie in song, "Acid Reindeer" – a romantic, environmental chiller, and the great "Deep in the Heart (of Racist Amerikka)" – yes, a unique cover of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" – in which they replace the old lyrics with things like "The police man is in the Klu Klux Klan," "So be careful if your name is Schwartz or Chan," "The cross is burning bright *every* night," "And the baptists sware that they've seen the light," "You're not really welcome if your not really white," etc. After each of these quotes goes the "Deep in the Heart of Texas" chorus – no doubt you can sing along already. (Welp, they should know – about Texas that is – as they originated deep in the heart of Austin). Get it, got it, good. -*Darby* (Boner Records, PO Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702) 1/2

GLENN MEADMORE - 12"
Just two songs on this twelve inch. Side a (Arco Plaza) is an instrumental which is neat-toe. Lots of bells and synths. It kinda sounds like a cross between IN THE NURSERY (Wax Trax) and PHILLIP GLASS. Side B (Just a Girl) I hated the first time I listened to it, thought it was ok the second time, and despised it the third time. Its on KXLU right now and I think I'm gonna scream if it doesn't end soon. The vocals are so fucking annoying! -*Kerin* (Overzealous Editions)

MOTORCYCLE BOY - "Feel It"/"One Punch"
The previously unvinyled motor-boys (minus their bit on a compilation LP) finally get their debut and it's on none other than LA's Flipside Records. The "One Punch" tune drags on side two, while side one's "Feel It" (minus the lame guitar interlude) is a rather good number; upbeat and really c-c-c-catchy. There's only two songs on this, with the total playing time figured at a possible two minutes. Not a lot for the dough (how much is this anyway?) but if you've got a little repeat button on your turntable you could really make things happen. Plus, don't forget, you get a front and back cover depicting the mugs of these infamous Hollywood glam/kiddie punkers themselves (Mike, Kenny, Rat Boy, and of course, Francois). It's even got their home address on the back side if, for some reason, any of those motor-groupies have, as of yet, missed out. -*Darby* (Flipside)

MOTOR MORONS - 7" EP
Oh, oh me. Oh me, oh my. That's what ARETHA FRANKLIN would say. This is from hell. (Al's on drugs). -*Ker/arby* (Flipside)

MOVING TARGETS - "Brave Noise" EP
This really has an overall HUSKER DU feel to it. The thumping bass, the harmonies, the guitar and the lyrics are all done in the perfect HUSKER style, yet this isn't a rip-off at all. Where the HUSKERS screamed these guys are more restrained and employ vocal harmonies throughout the record. A total of 14 songs and the inclusion of 3 instruments means bonus points in my book. Good stuff. -*Evan* (Taang Records)

NIGHT SOIL MAN - "Garden of Delights" LP
Hailing from San Diego, NIGHT SOIL MAN is a band that tries to defy categorization. Confusion settled upon me when I first listened to this album. This band sounds (vaguely) like DEAD CAN DANCE, SADE, and SYLVIA JUNCOSA thrown together. A weird combo to be sure, but then, so is the music on this record. Fronted by singer Rosebud, the band begins their assault with a song called "What For." Rosebud's vocals, though extremely powerful, have a raucous grating sound to them–just a little too harsh for my taste. The song fades into "Sick Animal," a really weak track. The vocals and music work against each other, not blending at all. The result is chaotic and confused. "Time to Die" is the track I found to be the strongest, and though it's a ballad, it shows that the band does have the potential to become a good indie band *(What a fate to wish on someone. How about to improve, or to become a great band? What's an "Indie band? One that never makes any money? –asks our big mouthed bitch of a proof reader, Franikins)*, if only they can find a sound to suit them. –*Kerin* (Vinyl Communications)

NOMEANSNO - "Wrong" LP
Ugh! To think I still possess the capability for hearing an album intensely compiled of *great* songs. This being an-

other period in which I've found myself questioning the purpose of most hardcore, it's now more clear that it's really hardcore of the present which I question (yesterday's HC band's poor choice of direction [metal/solo's] – today's bands inanimation). I don't know what they would consider an adequate definition of their sound (nor am I sure they should be simply *defined* in any way), but it seems so fitting to say that NOMEANSNO has taken hardcore to new heights. High-pressure songs. You may find the capacity of ten "typical" HC/metal/rock songs sprouting from just one by NoMeansNo. This seems to be one of the best albums out. *-Darby* (Alternative Tentacles) ●●1/2

THE PHILISTEINS - "Bloody Convicts" LP
Decent Aussie '60s garage-revo sounds most reminiscent of early PLAN'9, while nothing too out of the ordinary this should satisfy fans of this genre, but definitely lacks that something special, that maniac white-hot, balls-out drive, fury, and just plain GUTS which the originators possessed in quantities rarely matched by modern minds (or said simulations of such) aspiring to resurrect the unholy ghosts and demons of an era sadly passed. But you probably know this already, although I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't...OK and nothing more. *-Prof. Toru Tanaka* (Sympathy For the Record Industry)

PLAID RETINA - "Pink Eye" LP
Ultra-tight, twisted rock not unlike BLACK FLAG instrumental stuff. The songs change direction every five seconds, but that's the idea. Solid drumming and some nice, spine-pinching tempo changes. Vocals tend to sound like metal, though, and get spastic at times. If you're into stop-and-go pain rock then catch a "Pink Eye" flight – it'll get you there. *-Blake* (Lookout Records, PO Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454)

PROOF OF UTAH - "Out of Order" LP
I hold in my hot little hands the fifth POU release to date: a funky jazz laden burden on society. As in previous UTAH releases, the lyrics act as special prizes straight from a box of gooey Cracker-Jacks. The overall mood of "Out of Order" is one of pop indignation, a mocking of banal people in a banal age. Funky rhythms and poignant humor make POU certainly in order. *-Specious* (Smiley Turtles Records, P.O. Box 840 Champaign IL 61824-0840)

POSTER CHILDREN - "Flower Power" EP
Eight songs by this new band. The four songs on side one were produced by Steve Albini and hence have that rhythmic bass heavy Chicago sound. The vocals are pretty lost on this side but the noise and power are all there. Side two was recorded nearly a year earlier and is much more in the jangly college radio pop vein. I hope they continue in their new direction, there could be good things ahead. *-Evan* (Limited Potential Records)

PUBLIC HUMILIATION - " It All Started When I Was Five" LP
This one is fun. Has similar qualities to some hardcore humor bands of the early 80's. Lyrics consist of goony shit like: "Now I'm walking in a party, feeling really hot and lardy. Lots of Freds and lots of Barneys; there's my girl, she's sitting there farting..." of course they do have a serious side as well with such philisophical lines as "sometimes it's up (toilet joy), sometimes it's down (mounds), sometimes you end up peeing on the ground," with the obvious chorus of "the toilet seat is always wet (etc)." Not *amazing* but easily recommended. *-Darby* (Goon Records, P.O. Box 5892, Orange, CA 92613-5892) ●●

PUPILAS DILATADAS EXPERIENCE - 7" EP
Six rough, psychotic poli-punk tunes from south of Brazil. Tweaked, surf-ish guitars and scattered vocals make for some pretty wild shit - definitely not of this sphere, which is a plus. Cool packaging which includes a killer propaganda sheet. Positive hecticity. *-Blake* (No label that I could read other than: Gravaçues Electricas, 5.A. Rua Aguiar Moreira, 639-RJ-CGC 61.186.300.0003-63 Ind. Bras.)

PURDINS - C
While giving this four-song tape a listen, my girlfriend walked thru the "stereo room" and bluntly asked, "Watcha listenin' to, REM?" Yea, it does have that REM tinge, but not as air-baggish as REM. The first thing that struck me was how much the singer sounds like the mouth piece to SF-based bad boys THE DICKS. I'd give the next PURDINS a spin easy. *-Specious* (Tulmult)

SLAP OF REALITY - "Stuck Inside" EP
Five songs of hardcore/metal. *–Darby* (Vinyl Communications)

SOCIETY GONE MADD! -"What Do You Care?" LP
Yes, it's a record from the band you hardly ever (never?) see! Not known for their appearances in L.A. outside of keg parties, SOCIETY GONE MAD! can now be heard by everyone - assuming you like old-style L.A. punk (plus a dose of MINOR THREAT). It's energetic, driving, furious, and has something to say, which is typical of many older punk bands and just the way it should be. I especially like "Different Ways of Living" on side 2, one of the slower paced songs. Its message may be regarded as cliched and obvious by some, but I think it's as important today as it ever was - perhaps more so. This isn't just another punk album, it's a record with a heart and if you find some of the lyrics a little too simplistic remember: honesty is best served in a language that all can understand. Nice one, guys. *-Tony Lestat* (Society Gone Madd! P.O. Box 4191, Burbank, CA 91503)

SOFA HEAD - "1127 Walnut Ave." LP
This album rocks in a big way with seventeen (count 'em) artsy, melodic hardcore songs. Heartfelt lyrics and energetic playing make this one well worth it. The bass is decidedly DC (droning chords) while the guitar attacks with a surly crunch. The big bonus is some great female/male harmonizing which adds depth and dimensionality. "Painted Smile" is a transcendentally cool song, but all of this stuff is solid. Consume or be consumed. *-Blake* (Profane Existence Records, P.O. Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SOULSIDE - "Hot Bodi-gram" LP
These guys just keep getting better. On this, their third album, SOULSIDE heave their way into your face. Without saying they sound like FUGAZI (which they really don't) they approach the old ideas of punk rock in much the same way. The music, production, and lyrics are really heavy and original. I dig the dark feelings I get from songs like "Kill" and "God City". Fuck, I like this a lot OK? *-Evan* (Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington D.C., 20007)

STINKBUG - Demo C
No song titles given, just a cool drawing of a stinkbug and a phone number (much coveted, I'm sure). Well, I hear a variety of influences, among them THE STOOGES, DEVO and even some DICKIES. Pretty rocking stuff, well-played. These guys seem like they'd be cool live, especially if they look like the enclosed drawing. *-Blake*

SWINGING ERUDITES - "Unchained Parodies" LP
Dr. Demento would love this one. 17 zany songs that slag everything from BON JOVI to JIM AND TAMMY. You may have heard "Walk With An Erection" on the radio; I know I've heard it somewhere. The highlight of this record however, is "Backwards Masking 666." The P.M.R.C. would be thrilled to hear that "Satan is Good and God is a Jerk." It's mostly parody songs in the same vein as WEIRD AL, the kind of record you use for bonus tracks on other peoples tapes. *-Ivy* (1 Dimensional Records, P.O. Box 923, North Hampton, MA 01080)

THEATRE OF ICE- "Kill Your Girlfriend" 7" EP
4 songs – one a live track of shitty quality. The vocals are raspy and loud with rock and roll guitars man, and a couple of cheesy "weeeoooowww-weeeoooww" guitar solos. There's an instrumental on here that's really short

and pretty good. Both songs on side B are lame – chipmunk guitar solo included. Whatever. *-Ker/Liz* (Orphanage Records, PO Box 315, 1072 W. Camelback, Phx, AZ 85015)

THIS SIDE OF SANITY - "Shit Happens/Find Your Way Home" 7"
This SHIT happened to find its way into my hands and I can't believe how lame it is. The lyrics are retarded and the music is a really sorry attempt a mainstream "Starship" type sound. It's more pathetic than Starship though, it makes me think of the SOLID GOLD DANCERS and other things equally repulsive that have to do with the music business. It didn't come with a skeve but I can only guess how cool these idiots look in their Zebra Sriped neon spandex. If it is your goal to own the stupidest record then buy this, if it isn't don't even consider it. *-Evan* (Olim Records, P.O. Box 5237, Balboa Island, CA 92662)

THREE WOMEN IN BLACK - EP
Debut vinyl from the underrated THREE WOMEN IN BLACK. Side A features two originals penned by vocalist Micheline and are very representative of the band, with fine texture and a good "dark" edge to an otherwise rock sound. Works on either level. Side B is a version of THE SEX PISTOLS "Submission", which is an unexpected choice of a cover to me, but given an unusual treatment all the same. If you've never seen them before, then this is a good sampling and introduction to a very worthwhile band . Incidentally, vinyl guitarist E. Scott has since quit the band and has been replaced by both Amy from JEFF DAHL BAND and Dennis Reed from SOCIETY GONE MADD - which, out of interest, Nick and Rob of THREE WOMEN also play for. Small world. *-Tony Lestat* (P.O. Box 4191, Burbank, CA 91503)

TOMMYKNOCKERS - 7"
This band is some sort of resurrection of THEE FOURGIVEN and though I never heard them I would guess it is in the same vein, the promo pack makes it sound that way at least. Summed up we're talking about stripped down basic guitar oriented medium tempo rock'n roll. "Old Enough (to Know Better)" is the best song as far as I'm concerned. The riffs are simple but catchy so I'll flip a thumbs up for them. *–Evan* (Sympathy Records, 4901 Virginia Ave., Long Beach, CA 90005)

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20 HOLE DR. MARTENS FOR SALE... Black, men's size 10, excellent condition. $80 or o.b.o. Good deal, these exact same boots sell for $110 at NaNa's (wholesale). Makes a cool gift! Contact Chris or Melanii at (213) 491-1070 anytime. Laces are included!!

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PRANKS! New publication being formed on the high art of low deeds. Ideas and submissions to: Subterfuge Magazine, P.O.B. 1168-584, Studio City, CA 91604

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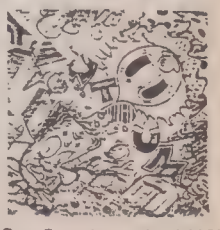

842 Folsom St. #101, San Francisco, CA 94107

VOLCANO SUNS - "Thing of Beauty" LP
I'd never heard of this band before, and finding out that they have five previous albums was quite a surprise. Their music is tight and well-structured. Singer Peter Prescott's vocals are in perfect balance with the band and the outcome is impressive. One of the best songs on here is "Malmondo." An intense instrumental, complete with tribal drums and chanting – the band shows they can hold their own without a vocalist and it sounds fuckin' spectacular. "Hang Up" is the last and best track on this double album. A great acoustic number with deep, resounding vocals. This band has only one direction to move, and that is straight up. *-Kerin* (SST Records)

COMPILATIONS/SPLITS

MAKE THE COLLECTOR NERD SWEAT 10"
Make 'um sweat indeed. This is a triped out vomit-speckeled 10" – visually. Only 1000 are speckled, 500 are that pure black that's becoming more of a rarity these days. For the noise part: Welp, after the first listening I gave this I must say I didn't like it much. Of course, I *can* say that for some of my favorite records as well. Now I'm on my 6th listen and I find it rather *COOL*, if I may be so pretentious. The best as far as my modest ears can

deduct are the tunes by CRIMPSHINE, LOOKOUTS, MTX, THE WRONG, JAWBREAKER... If I keep going I'll have named them all. No time to go into describing them all individually. For the most part, it's agressive but clean, sorta poppy in a punk/hardcore kinda sound. (How'z that for competent writing skills, eh?!). Yeah, I really like this comp after all. *–Darby* (Very Small Records, Box 8223, Emeryville, CA 94662)

SOCKEYE/THAT CHEEZY SENSATION 7"
Some obnoxious b.s. from SOCKEYE, which seems more like a retaliation against all the numerous "politically correct" punk/HC bands than anything else. The lyrics dedicated to cutting down vegetarians, Straight edgers, (homosexuals)... Musically it's quite bland, though "Fuckin' Fuckin' Fuckin' Fuckin' Shit" aint bad. The Cheezy side's like a mini hardcore opera. (Well that's what I keep thinking of when I listen to it – don't even begin to ask me why). It more upbeat – with 8 songs on one side of a 7" I guess you'd have to be upbeat. *–Darby* (PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224)

WARLOCK PINCHERS/THEATRE OF ICE - "This is What You Get for Xmas" 7" EP
WARLOCK PINCHERS side was good – two versions of the same song, with the second version sounding like its backmasked or something. Weird, weird, weird! THEATRE OF ICE side sucked. *-Ker/Liz* (Orphanage)

O.K., we are missing a few reviews in here. I KNOW THAT. So, don't get all huffy & complain please. It'll all be in the next issue (or is that what I always say). It's just that we've gotten so many, and we're so young and all... Plus, my old pal Bladder lost a few addresses... they are: HOLY ROLLERS, PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, THE BUX, DAGGER KILLER COMP and, hum, I guess that's it – so if you've got these please pass 'um on. Well, that's all.

DEMO COLUMN
BY I.P.FREELY

MONOSHOCK Have a cool name (if you like 2-wheeled vehicles, which I do), but you'd have a hard time finding out what their name is by looking at the tape. They wrote it with a magic marker on the shell. You have to tip it to the light to read it. Maybe they think their production values match their music – raw and no-frills garage rock with a rough scratchy singer.

Hmm – I just read over that last line . . . "Raw and no-frills garage rock . . ." Yeah, sounds good. Maybe if I keep scraping the bottom of the barrel I can pen a few more hip sounding, mindless cliches like that and get a job at the L.A. Weekly. But anyway – the really impressive thing about this tape is that it comes with a small piece of beef jerky shrink wrapped inside. I'm not joking – this is real beef jerky. I didn't taste it, I just know. What could this mean? Are they spearheading a new movement – animal oppression activists? Do they worship James Garner? You can see the scene at their future gigs – "You're not a real animal oppressor – you're wearing canvas shoes." The cover of their tape depicts a kid on a BMX bike plowing into a herd of cattle. Is death by MONOSHOCK humane? Should we boycott all the Ralph's before all the facts are in? Maybe if the singer would grunt his words a little clearer we'd all find out.

Enunciation is no problem for NERVOUS EFFECT. They make themselves perfectly understood. This tape is so clean I wanted to wash my face with it. They seem to be gunning for the big record deal. Why? Because they sound like about 100 different bands simultaneously. Like they don't have a clue. This cost them dearly in the "Unoriginality" column. You know the rules – try and sound too much like other bands and you get burned. This maxium also aplied to HOMELAND, but inversely. They had 10 points taken away for trying to sound too much like just one band. And why did they have to copy The Cure? The geniune article is boring enough. HOMELAND's overall low score reflects upon their derivative nature – although changing their name and writing decent songs couldn't have hurt . . .

STEREOTAXIC DEVICE's tape doesn't suffer from any of the above. They seem to have their own special kind of sound – not atonal enough to hang an "industrial" label on them, but not so flowery pretty that you'd call them the next Cocteau Twins. Good production too. But their bad packaging and lack of artwork are a drag. I mean, the thing is an embarrassment to have around the house. What if friends come by and see that I listen to demo tapes in my spare time? I don't what to own demo tapes – I only want real ones. Makes me feel like a man or something. Take the compilation UNIVERSAL MIND EXPANSION for example. It looks sharp, like they put some thought into it, took their asses down to the printers and did it up right. Never mind that the sound quality is total shit – the tape looks good in the glove box, that's the main thing. Too bad about the sound though – there's real genius at work in this one. These are bands out of Arizona, a completely diverse mix of stuff with no two acts similar – standouts are "Bonk" and "Dharma Sub" the latter consisting of a seemingly dangerous psychotic ranting over an unhinged berserk fuzz guitar about how "fucking happy" he is . . . beautiful, Dude. Corny listing of Manson family members in the credits cost them a few points here, though.

TVTV's – Yeah and that's just what you get, too – lots of political oriented voices lifted from TV and put behind dancey big beat music. There are some vocals, usually singing words from corporate slogans rearranged to resemble song lyrics. Very slick sounding – unusual for people doing this kind of thing. Stupid box insert – a cigarette ad from a magazine folded over the tape and stuffed on in. I almost gave these guys a bad review because Flip Side Magazine likes them and I figured that must mean they really suck . . . but a clear head prevailed.

Speaking of pompous, self-important rags, get this – the envelope that contained a tape by a band called POWER ASSAULT had writing on the back that read – "See Review MRR #77." Oh, OK – I'll just call up Tim Yohannon today and ask him to rush me a back issue so I can read your rave review. Hope it doesn't cost me too much, though! Give me a break – can you put a copy in with the tape? Not that I care what Maximum Rock & Roll thinks about anything anyway. And I can hardly dock a band points for ass-kissing with that attitude, so they come out OK. Lousy speedmetal music though. More interesting in the same sort of style (but far more original) is DESTROY. The singer has a voice like a bull terrier and writes songs with titles like "Yuppie Beware" and "Vile Horrendous Aerial Bombardment." They hail from Minneapolis, have lots of energy to spare & scored pretty high, even with those Doonesbury-ish song titles.

BOB Z checked in with a one-man effort called "PACKED UP & LEAVIN'." I wish more of these demo-slingers would actually title their tapes. Bob gets artwork points just for that. His heavy political stance might not rub everyone the right way. He can handle himself on all instruments fairly well.

STINKBUG – What can one say about this outfit that's even remotely encouraging? Dumb native, mediocre songwriting & production, no bribes offered, I mean I'd like to say nice things if only I had a little bit of something to go for . . . even the artwork gets a zilch – a Sony label turned around with a sick looking/insect drawn on it with a rub-a-dub laundry marker – bad form, guys. However, they showed some restraint in their letter, refusing to con me with so much false flattery. And I found the good old tabs untouched – which saved these hard luck cases from dragging in dead last.

That dubious achievement belongs to MONKEY PAW, who hung themselves with their own press kit and amasses a very impressive minus score that almost wiped out their previous points entirely. MONKEY PAW's only hope then rested on bagging the big bonus to salvage any kind of dignity whatsoever. But, alas, when the chips were down they choked – punching out the tabs and blowing a cool 50 big ones, leaving me to go to all the trouble of putting Scotch tape over the holes so I can record something on it that I really like. And you can bet it won't be anything "Fresh creany exciting psychedelic funkadelic" (as this band quaintly sums up thier sound), either. Well, you know what they say – "Live by the hyphen, die by the hyphen" . . . who's they? You know – the same people who coined another wise old expression – "Submissions will NOT be returned."

	Band Name	Packaging/Art	Sound Quality	Avg. Member IQ	Guest Passes	Money /Gifts	Songwriting	Ass-Kissing (minus score)	Waste Paper (minus score)	Unoriginality (minus score)	Erase Tabs Intact? (bonus score)	Total
Monoshock	6	3	4	100	0	5	5	0	0	-3	0	118
Nervous Effect	3	10	5	65	5	0	1	-2	-9	-7	0	71
Homeland	1	1	8	90	0	2	1	-8	-3	-10	50	132
Stereotaxic Device	6	3	8	160	0	0	7	0	0	0	50	224
Univ. Mind Expan.	5	8	1	110	0	0	8	0	0	0	0	232
TVTV's	6	3	8	150	0	0**	4	-2	-4	0	0	166
Power Assault	1	0	2	30	0	8	2	0	0	-7	0	36
Destroy	7	7	5	48	0	0	6	0	0	-4	0	69
Bob Z.	0*	7	4	200	7	1	6	0	0	0	50	275
StinkBug	0	0	3	50	0	0	3	-2	-2	-7	50	95
Monkey Paw	0	3	6	42	7	0	0	-10	-10	-10	0	28
Sluggo	1	0	3	70	8	10***	3	-10	-5	-6	0	74

*His real name **American Express Application band enclosed w/ press kit was sent in (by me) and denied – so no score.
*** Put a dollar in the envelope to get a good review – it didn't work – cancels out the "Ass Kissing Column. *(Stan, I'm sure they sent in the buck to save us the dough on mailing them a copy of the zine in which their review appeared. –Drb)*

We are getting too many zines then we have room to review. To compensate, we will be reviewing only a few (trying to alternate between ones which inspire a review and ones already reviewed in previous issues), and then list the rest with just the bare facts. Even though we are unable to review all zines received, we will always trade with anyone who sends theirs in.

FANZINES

AND THE BEAT GOES ON: RAISED BY WOLVES Vol. 2
After only the first page I felt the pain, the sadness, the hurt this poor guy must feel. It's like reading someone elses diary, except the difference being that there's not one page of happiness. He describes how his father sexually molested him as a child and then following in her fathers footsteps, his sister did the same. At the same time, he is being mentally abused by his mother. But, since he blocked out his childhood, he goes through the pain with wicked flashbacks, remembering bits and pieces of his life, which is what he bases his stories. (No Joke Publications, PO Box 50454, Austin, TX 78763-0454) –Elizabeth

NO IDEA #7 64pgs-o $2.50
One successfully formulated publication, put out by some Gainesville, Florida locals. The greatest appeal is the fun they have with the layout. Colorful as well. There are many interviews inside – most which I enjoyed – including FUGAZI, CRIMPSHINE, ALICE DONUT, LEMONHEADS, DAS DAMEN and CHEMICAL PEOPLE. Otherwise there's the typical Records Reviews, Zine Reviews, Comics and Poetry. But, instead of this being just a typical zine, their style coupled with their attitude make it great. (P.O. Box 14636, Gainsville, FL 32604-4636) –Drby

J.D.'S #?
This zine is mainly about homosexual punk skateboarders who are into many different sexual partners (usually in the same day). I must say that the stories were very graphic. So much so it could be considered a porno mag. There is also a lot of skating going on which brought up skating terms. And, being that I am not a homosexual, not into reading porno mags, and not into skating, I had little desire to continue reading. But, as you see I did and although it's not for me, there will be a lot of people identifying with some of the characters in these stories and feeling better knowing that they are not alone in their feelings. Also, if you are one who is strongly against homosexuality, then this mag could open up your mind. It gives you an understanding of love between the same sexes. There was one story especially, "Butch Is Dead," which expressed that. Along with stories there was also a personals column to meet friends, lovers and one who's looking for a master and will do all the duties of a loyal dog. (Sounds great, and you don't have to worry about him shitting on the floor? ...or do you?) One last thing. They have these little sayings floating around on the pages that get really dumb and annoying. I can't figure out their purpose, except maybe to fill up blank space. And P.S. Did you know that Kristi McNichols is a lesbian. (C/o Bruce, P.O. Box 1110, Adelaide St. Toronto, Canada 55C2KS) –Elizabeth

RUBBER PUPPY #5 5 1/2x8 1/2 20pgs-z $?
The quality I find most appealing in fanzines is one which I find too often lacking. The freedom of the small, underground press is one that should be more substantially abused. Problem is, most publisher/editor's get the gist but forget their objectives and personality along the way (I should know).
This zine is small, especially so since it only comes out four times a year. Despite this I found it more inspirational than most publications many times its size... perhaps more inspirational than informational.. Contained is lots of personality, irrational input,.. the editor doesn't limit his ramblings for fear of being "self-indulgent" but acknowledges and exaggerates them. Inside you might find twisted comics, book reviews (only of books not yet written), short stories, and so on... Something similar to this zine in book form (like 100 pages) could be mucho entertaining amid a spectrum of dull situations. (No Joke Publications, PO Box 50454, Austin, TX 78763-0454) –Drb

EAR OF CORN #9-10 5 1/2x8 1/2 20pgs-z $1
Poetry, Interview and Reviews. 9 highlights MUDHEAD and ICONS OF SIMPLICITY. 10 focuses on NOMEANSNO, AFTERBIRTH, THE KILLFUCKS and many more. (PO Box 2143, Stow, OH 44224) –Drb

PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER #251 $1
Comics, stories, poems, art & music reviews. Nothing too interesting, but the comics & poems were kinda offbeat so they held this zine together]. (1241 W. 10th St., Erie, PA 16502) –*Elizabeth*

PROFANE EXISTENCE #2 32pgs-o $1
A anarchist/punk/MRR-type 'zine out of Minneapolis. They've got articles, letters... the works. I'm on deadline right now, so the next issue I'll try for a longer review. –Darby (P.O. Box 8722, Minn., MN 55408).

NO LONGER SILENT #3 31pgs–z 5 1/2x8 $1.50
Interesting anarchy-focused fanzine. Nice layout, and they're proud to say "No computers used in the production of this newsletter." (c/o Eliza Blackweb, PO Box 3582, Tuscon, AZ 85722) –Drby

OPTION #30 132pgs-o
(Pretty mainstream lookin' magazine, variety of coverage. This one w/LAURIE ANDERSON, CHRIS & COSEY, N.W.A, FLAMING LIPS, LUNACHICKS... An o.k. *CD Takeover* Article-prt 2). (P.O. Box 491034, LA 90049) –Drb

SCATTER BALANCE #1 50¢
One jumbo page w/ news from Japan, music/video reviews, & lotsa ads for the co-staffer's own Deco Records. (P.O. Box 57549, LA, CA 90057) –Drb

BLOW UP #6-7 12-16pgs-o Free
Long Beach underground in print. Covers Bogarts in Long Beach among others. Poetry, reviews, and local bands. (P.O. Box 91716, Long Beach, CA 90809) –Shelly

DESIGN FOR DELINQUENCY 28pgs-z $2
Poetry a bit on the depressing/life is hell/you can't win in relationship attitude here. Some interesting photos. Put together and written by Dave Cotner and Jeffery Gomez. Not for the low-down-in-the-dumps-type or the squeamish. (626 Bellefontaine, Pasadena, CA 91105) –Shelly

TWISTED IMAGE #14-16, 6-8pgs-z $1
Many, many, many "twisted" comix, very different style. Engaging reviews, interview with Dirty Rotten Press, interested letters, and a "Twisted Image" column by Ace Backwords. Different, worth checking out, especially those "Twisted" comix. (1630 University Ave., Apt. 26, Berkeley, CA 94703) –Shelly

TRIAL SIZE #3 28pgs-o $1
Very professional, informative zine based on L.A. area unusual and independent sounds. Some of everything, with LOTS of record reviews, 'zine reviews, some poetry (politically angry), comix and first-class interviews. This issue included RED TEMPLE SPIRITS and GEKO talks. (KXLU c/o Trial Size, Att. Colin Sicc, 7101 W. 80th St., Los Angeles 90045) –Shelly

NOTE 4 NOTE #6 8 pgs.-z
Amazing variety here. N4N covers new territory by not limiting itself to one idea or sound. Steve Roeser covers record reviews and offbeat info like a dream. From MARY MY HOPE and TIN MACHINE interviews to record notes covering BO DIDDLEY and JOHNNY OTIS. This issue has 2 very full pages of "Cover Songs You Oughta Know" that's really groovy. Also a section on Girl Music. Absolutely NO fat in this zine. It's all great info from someone who really seems to enjoy music in many shapes and styles. Coolsville. (Roleser, 2646-1/2 Griffith Park Blvd., L.A. 90039) –Shelly

THE AMAZINE ARNIE! #13 14pgs-z $1
Lotsa strange comics (c/o the Edible Complex, 8334 Amigo Ave., #14, Northridge, CA 91324.) –Shelly

BACKLASH Feb. '90 12pgs-n $0/12 issues
Band articles, record reviews, comics & ADS, ADS, ADS. Concentration on "Alternative" dance music (Wax Trax, Sub Pop, small indies) with lots of others thrown in for good measure. Articles on SANCTUARY, SKIN-N-BONES, STAGNANT WATER, GLEE and TREE PEOPLE, with good professional pics. Quality varies. (4128 Fremont Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103) –Shelly

ROBZINE #10-11, 14-15 from 4-16pgs-o $1-2
A skating zine with lots of good pics and cutlines scribbled all around. Some music here and there, but overall, pictures rule. (Dancing Fish Press, 2-381 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6R 2M8) –Shelly

ANCIENT GRANDMA SECRETS #3-4 12-14pgs-z $1
Record reviews, show reviews, poetry, and some of the most fun picture collages around. (Libby Gilbert, P.O. Box 42691, Tucson, AZ 85733-2691) –Shelly

L.A. DRIVER #2-3 28pgs-o Free/$12-6 issues mail
Exceptional poetry covering many topics. Very Earth- and conservation-oriented, and as the title suggests, many pieces centering on driving and cars. L.A. Driver is one of the best – not too obscure and not to simple. Definitely check it out. (12226 Victory Blvd., Suite 325, No. Hollywood, CA 91606) –Shelly

ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO FREE #7 32pgs-o $1/$1.50 mail
Politics, freedom, Anarchy, tons of letters, show, record and fanzine reviews. This zine covers a lot of everything. Interviews with NEUROSIS, HUNGER ARTIST, DEAD HORSE and RICHARD BARRETT, head of the Nationalist Movement. Very entertaining, yet a lot more than fluff. (AWIF, P.O. Box 1484, Oxford, MS 38655) –Shelly

GOD IS AN ASSHOLE #5-6 20pgs-z 2 stamps/donation
Very political. Articles on gay & lesbian rights, Earth first, vegetarianism and recycling. Also has the normal letters, reviews and comics to go along with pics and clippings and addresses to support 'Imprisoned Resisters.' (GIAA, c/o S.M. Steppenwolf, 1901 7th St., Long Beach, CA 90813) –Shelly

DISOBEY #4 24pgs-z
Interviews, HOLOCAUST, GARBLECRAT, RHYTHM COLLISION, HAYWIRE, FREAKS OF NATURE and SEWER TROUT. Lots & lots of clips, pics, drawings, comics, record & show reviews and letters. There's a listing of products NOT tested on animals and the cost of vegetarianism. Includes a $-saving recipe for soymilk. Lots of fun reading here. (c/o Wendy & Dale, 3739 Oak Glen Dr., Newbury Park, CA 91320) –Shelly

CONCEPT #1 20pgs-z 75cents
This zine covers everything, including bizarre newspaper clippings, SHORT stories (5 lines) and driving maneuver pics, as well as all the regular reviews, poems, politics and a splash of skating. Lotsa . . . It doesn't really go much into depth on any subject, what's covered is a fascinating mix of this & that. (c/o Darin Bauer, 464 Tharp Ave., Morage, CA 94556) –Shelly

NAUGHTY NOMADS (The Skate Fossils) #16 28pg-o
Letters, stories & wild drawings & pics of skaters, skating and more skating. Very well put together, organized and printed. (996 Market, San Francisco, CA 94102) –Shelly

CRUSADE TO ABOLISH TRAFFIC TICKETS 12pgs-o Free
Read it again, you heard it right. Put out by Clarence Shak out of Hawaii, they want "subscriptions" as insurance against your parking tickets. Different. (Crusade to Absolish Parking Tickets, P.O. Box 15133, Honolulu, HI 96830)–Shelly

IN REMEMBRANCE 20pgs-o Numbered Edition of 100
A preoccupation with death prevails as does a penchant for beautiful drawings. Simple, thought-provoking poems by Jenny Soup easily rest alongside good company such as Darwin and Edgar Allen Poe. Also includes record reviews. (c/o Jenny Soup, P.O. Box 1168-584, Studio City, CA 91604) –Shelly

BABY SUE #2/2 16pgs-o $1.50
They print a list of Unused Band Names for sale for $5, comics, poetry, short stories and record reviews. (P.O. Box 1111, Decatur, GA 30031-1111) –Shelly

HIGH COST THE CROSS 26pgs $1
Short zine (large type/spacious layout), interviews with ORIFICE, KONDOM NATION, CAPITOL PUNISHENT & SOUND JUSTICE. Stories & some good reviewing. Cool stuff. (P.O. Box 12005-632, Bakersfield, CA 93309) –Drby

IT ALL LIES
Interviews with DEATH RIDE 69, FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY, RIVER ROSES & more. Reviews. (Thomás, 8607 Tuscany #101, Playa Del Rey, CA 90293) –Drby

IT'S SPLATTER
A 936 pager!? Focused on the art, the comics, the sex, the sexes. Article with the Op. Manager of the Gauntlet (body piercing), and some 'Sicck MA' poems of Meigan. Too short, a creative collection, but leaves you wanting more. (???) –Drby

MAXIMUM ROCK & ROLL #80-81
#80 has long SEEIN' RED interview. (Why do so many bands use that color?) Also Instigators, LIBIDO BOYS , and the wonderful ULTRAMAN. The Usual MRR fare: the letters are the best part, and the local scene reporters show more dedication to the ideals of the scene than do the editors. Also, the usual worthless record reviews from the Siskel & Ebert of punk - thumbs up or down with little or no description. But we all read it cover to cover, as it's the main street of the alternative culture, where we all hang out to keep in touch with each other. #81 features the HARD ONS, the "first questionnaire", and this month's question "where were you during the earthquake?" (P.O. Box 288/ Berkeley, CA/94701) –Steve G.

ANARCHY #23
Extremely well-meaning and serious magazine by actual (as opposed to spray paint circle-a on the freeway overpass) anarchists. Good letters, and features on/by many thinkers, both anarchist (Simons) and non (Chomsky). (c/o CAL/P.O.B. 1446/Columbia, MO/ 65205) –Steve G.

NO KKK - NO FASCIST USA winter/spring 1990
Anti GUNS 'N ROSES article, historical pieces on John Brown and Huey Newton, and lots of what the title says; up to date dirt on the Klan and the Birch Society. (220 9th St./#443/San Fancisco, CA/94103) –Steve G.

SUBURBAN VOICE #28
Al Quint, one of the last true individuals, strikes again. NO FOR AN ANSWER, LEFT INSANE & many live reviews, and a cover story on STIFF LITTLE FINGERS with a massive discography. (17 Beach Rd. #1/Lynn, MA/01902) –Steve G.

JERSEY BEAT #39
Lots of top ten lists for the year end, Das Damen interview, plus! the bass player poll. Your favorite bassists answer questions in sixties teen-mag format. (418 Gregory Ave., #2/Weehawken, NJ/07087) –Steve

HELL KITTY (first printing May 1969)
A real live coloring book about a cat with a 1977 punk-rock-era philosophy. "Hell Kitty hates milk" and so forth. Large blank areas for coloring. And *nothing whatsoever about would-be rock stars.* Yeah! (c/o Jim Yousling/P.O.B. 4383/Los Angeles, CA/90051). –Steve

QQRYQ #13 5 1/2-8 1/2 (I think it's 300 cena)
I got this a while right before the last issue but too close to deadline to review it. This one's all in Polish, minus a breif bit on the last page in English. There's tons of type in this little 'zine – I just wish I could read it. (Przasnyska 14 M 69, 01-756 W-WA Poland) -Drb

DEAD LETTER #6 $1
Help list plus how to start your own zine plus interviews with metalcore bands plus comics plus loads of listings. Emphasis on continual questioning/re-examination, especially in interviews. Hand paste up appearance suits point of view. (7146 Remmet Ave., #120/ Canoga Park, CA/91303)

PUDDLE #3 50¢
Lots of groovy artwork in this 8 page, newsletter format zine. An interview with CRINGER and a cool editorial on flagburning. My only bitch is the too frequent use of the word "Dude". Ick. (P.O. Box 381, Miranda, CA 95553) –Kerin

All zines are 8 1/2 x 11 unless otherwise noted. Some codes are: Size 5 1/2 x 8 1/2=booklet, N=Newsprint, Z=Zerox copies, O=Offset. If the zine is free you should send at least 50¢ for postage.
* If it sounds good use it! Rationality is a distraction.

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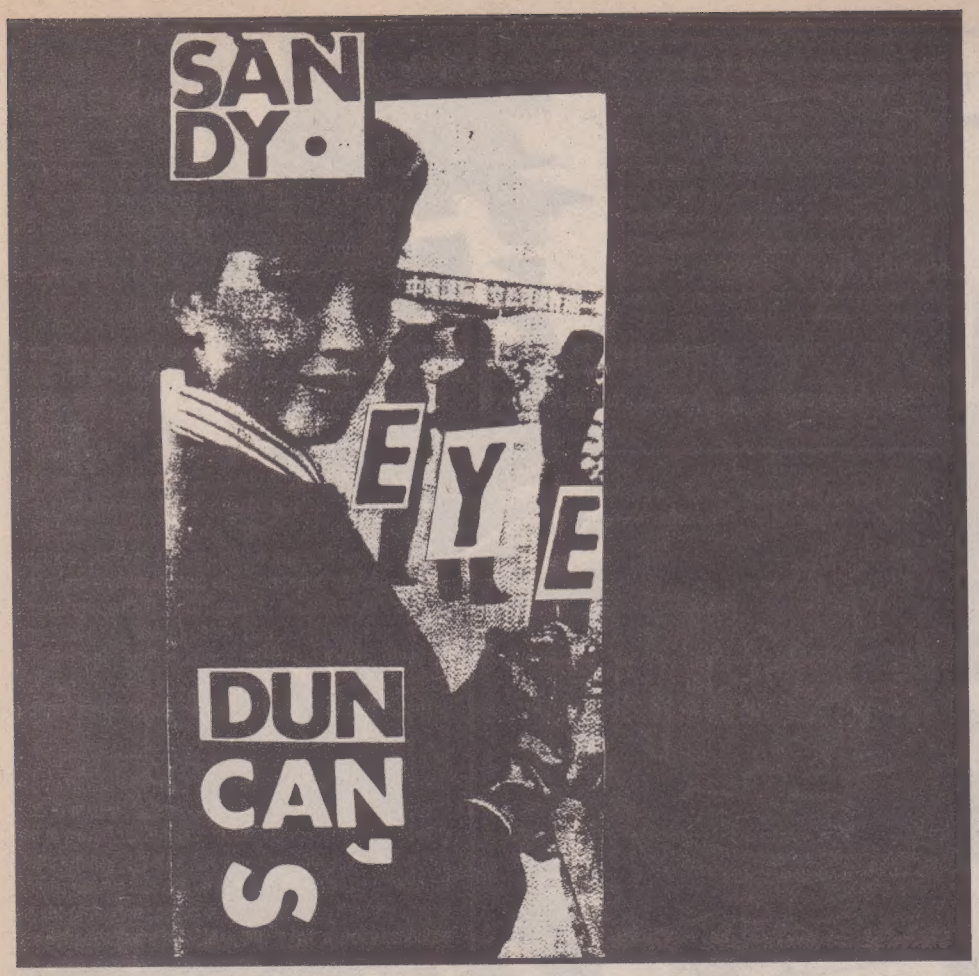

ERRORS (#9)

IN HIS REVIEW of the "World Class Punk" compilation, Mike Snider refered to an album "Flight to Fury," which is actually called "Flight to Lowlands Paradise."

BEN BENEFIT REVIEW: I (Darby) refered to ETHYL MEATPLOW's live music as recorded though it's sequenced and they do have a drummer who's name is Biff.

PERHAPS YOU NOTICED THAT I FORGOT ALL THE PHOTO CREDITS IN THE LAST ISSUE (#8). (Mav/Krk noticed that I forgot his). Even I noticed – an hour after bringing the mag to be printed. Welp, better late than something... Du du du dumm. Anouncing. The photo credits are...

PAGE 10
CHRISTIAN DEATH > Marsha
LISA SUCKDOG > Krk
PAGE 11
LUBRICATED GOAT > Darby
GEKO > Nancy
PAGE 13
BOLO & GORGO > Nancy
SLUG > Marsha (?)
PAGE 24
CAPITOL PUNISHMENT > Marc Aminian
PAGE 27
DISTORTED PONY > Al Flipside
PAGE 28
DISTORTED PONY > Mavrick

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